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CONCORD SERIES NO 3



# 140 FOLK-SONGS

Words and Melodies only

ROTE SONGS

FOR GRADES I, II AND III

Compiled and Edited  
for Use in School and Home  
by ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON  
and THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

E.C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO.  
221 COLUMBUS AVE., BOSTON, MASS.



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# THE CONCORD SERIES

of Music and Books on the Teaching of Music

under the Editorship of

THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

and

DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON

No. 3

## 140 FOLK-TUNES

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*New and Revised Edition*

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The songs in this book are published with pianoforte accompaniment in Vol. 7 of the Concord Series.

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1921

## PREFACE

This book is the second in a series of School Music books of which the first is for Kindergarten.

The songs in this volume have been selected for the purpose of awakening and cultivating the taste of young children for the best music. It is obvious that some such *actual* musical experience should precede instruction *about* music, and it is believed that singing beautiful songs by ear during the early years will lay the foundation for an appreciation of beautiful music, will facilitate later instruction in reading music, and will also serve as a stimulus and preparation for the study of piano playing, violin playing, etc.

In teaching these songs we recommend the following method of procedure:

As far as possible the song should be related to the interests of the children. The song should first be sung through by the teacher with due regard to the meaning of the words and the character of the music. The song may then be taught to the children line by line, or, while it is being sung again by the teacher, the children may be encouraged to take part in it through some simple rhythmic movement expressive of the meaning of the song; — for instance, in No. 2, by motion suggestive of rocking a cradle. In this way the children will often learn to sing the song as a whole without definite instruction. Such rhythmic movements should always be in response to the music itself, so that they seem to the child to merge into the qualities of the music. Care must be taken to keep these movements from developing into mere physical exuberance, or into any activity independent of the music. And in no case should the children sing while taking part in vigorous action.\*

\* This detail, as well as others, such as the characterization of songs, will be dealt with more fully in the Manual for Teachers, Vol. I.

Proper attention should be paid to the development of good tone, breathing, enunciation and the treatment of children whose sense of pitch is defective.

The folk-songs in this book were originally sung, for the most part, as pure melodies without accompaniment, and it is desirable that children should first become familiar with the beauty of the melodies and with their rhythmic qualities apart from any artificial support. On the other hand, the accompaniment often reinforces the meaning of the words (as in No. 24) and may be used for that purpose. In any case the accompaniments to these songs should be taken from "140 Folk-Tunes," (No. 7 in the Concord Series) and should be played in such a manner as not to dominate the singing.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

These instructions are designed for teachers not having access to the Manual for Teachers (Concord Series, No. 6, *in preparation*) covering the work of the first six grades.

When these songs are used in schools, the children who are able to read the words should be provided with the Book of Words (No. 3a in the Concord Series). During the last half of the third year (Grade III) the children should be provided with the present book (No. 3 in the Concord Series). Songs 1 to 49 inclusive are intended for Grade I; song 50 to 95 inclusive, for Grade II; songs 96 to 140 inclusive, for Grade III.

\* The recommendation to use the book of "140 Folk-Tunes" with accompaniments is made because of the fact that a folk-song may be quite ruined by a haphazard or unskillful accompaniment. The accompaniments in the book just referred to have been made with great care and with due regard to the style and character of each melody.



# 140 FOLK-TUNES

(Concord Series No. 3)

(The pianoforte accompaniments for these Tunes are contained in Vol. 7 of The Concord Series)

## 1. The Sparrow's Nest

*Ah! vous dirai-je, maman*

The Alphabet

English words by Homer H. Harbour

Old French Song

In moderate time



1. Down a - mong the dai - sies white, Hid - den al - most  
 2. When the sun - set skies are red, Moth - er Spar - row  
*Ah! vous di - rai - je ma - man, Ce qui cau - se*  
 A B C D E F G H I J K



out of sight, See the lit - tle spar - rows ly - ing,  
 sings o'er - head: "Bird - ies mine will soon be sleep - ing  
*mon tour - ment? Pa - pa veut que je rai - son - ne*  
 L M N O P Q R S and T U V —



For their din - ner loud - ly cry - ing; Moth - er's bu - sy  
 While your moth - er watch is keep - ing; She will guard you  
*comme u - ne gran - de per - son - ne; Moi - je dis que*  
 W(doub-le U) and X Y Z. — Now I've said my



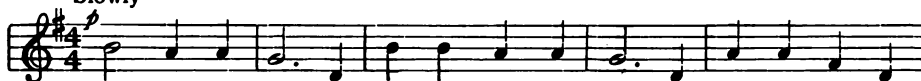
as can be, Hunt - ing food e - nough for three.  
 all the night, Down a - mong the dai - sies white."  
*les bon - bons Va - lent mieux que la rai - son.*  
 A, B, C, Tell me what you think of me.

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## 2. Sleep, baby, sleep!

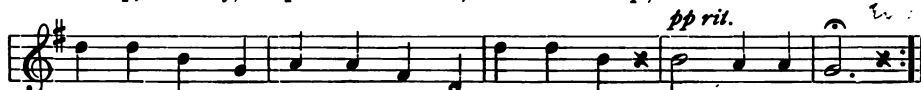
Old Song

Slowly



1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our cot - tage vale is deep; The lit - tle lamb is

2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! I would not, would not weep; The lit - tle lamb he



on the green, With snow - y fleece so soft and clean; Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

nev - er cries, And bright and hap - py are his eyes; Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

3

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Near where the woodbines creep;

Be always like the lamb so mild,

A sweet, and kind, and gentle child;

Sleep, baby, sleep!

4

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy rest shall angels keep;

While on the grass the lamb shall feed,

And never suffer want or need;

Sleep, baby, sleep!

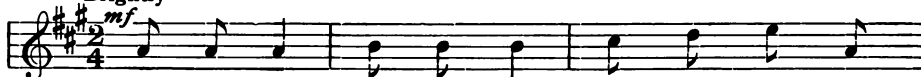
## 3. Lords and Ladies \*

*Le Pont d'Avignon*

Homer H. Harbour

Old French Song

Brightly



1. In the bright can - dle light Danced the mer - ry

1. *Sur le pont d'A - vi - gnon, L'on y dan - se,*



lords and la - dies; In the bright can - dle light,

*l'on y dan - se; Sur le pont d'A - vi - gnon,*

\* This song may be divided among groups of children. Appropriate movements or gestures may be used to accompany the words "All the lords" etc. The music of that part of the song should be sung more slowly and with free rhythm.



Danced to mu - sic all the night. All the lords bowed  
*L'on y dan - se tout en rond. Les beaux mes - sieurs font*



*this way, And a - gain bowed this way;*  
*comm' ça, Et puis en - cor comm' ça.*

2

Ev'ry lord had a sword  
 With a hilt of shining silver;  
 Ev'ry fair lady there  
 Wore a rosebud in her hair.  
 Ladies fair bowed *this way*,  
 And again bowed *this way*.

2

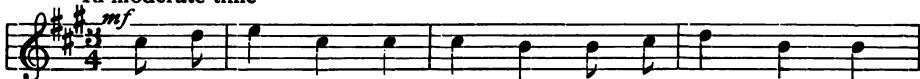
*Sur le pont d'Avignon,*  
*L'on y danse, l'on y danse;*  
*Sur le pont d'Avignon,*  
*L'on y danse tout en rond.*  
*Les belles dames font comm' ça,*  
*Et puis encor comm' ça.*

## 4. The Journey of the Leaves

Homer H. Harbour

German Folk-song

In moderate time



1. "Come a - way," sang the riv - er, To the leaves on a
2. So the leaves, gent - ly fall - ing From the tree on the



tree; "Let me take you a jour - ney If the world you would see."  
 shore, Flow'd a - way on the riv - er To come home nev - er - more.

# 5. The Little Boy and the Sheep

## La Bonne Aventure

Jane Taylor  
Rather slowly

Old French Song



1. La - zy sheep, pray tell me, why In the pleas - ant fields you  
1. Je suis un pe - tit pon - pon de bel - le fi - gu -



lie? La - zy sheep, pray tell me, why In the pleas - ant fields you  
re, Qui ai - me bien les bon - bons et les con - fi - tu -



lie, Eat - ing grass and dai - sies white, From the morn - ing till the  
res. Si vous vou - lez m'en don - ner, Je sau - rai bien les man -  
poco rit.



night; Ev - 'ry - thing can some-thing do, But what kind of use are you?  
ger. La bon - ne a - ven - ture, Oh, gai! La bon - ne a - ven - tu - re!

2

||:Nay, my little master, nay,  
Do not serve me so, I pray ;:||  
Don't you see the wool that grows  
On my back to make your clothes?  
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be,  
If you had not wool from me.

3

||:True it seems a pleasant thing  
Nipping daises in the spring ;:||  
But what chilly nights I pass  
On the cold and dewy grass;  
Pick my scanty dinner where  
All the ground is brown and bare.

4

||:Then the farmer comes at last,  
When the merry spring is past ;:||  
Cuts my woolly fleece away  
For your coat in wintry day;  
Little master, this is why  
In the pleasant fields I lie.

2

*Lorsque les petits garçons  
Sont gentils et sages,  
On leur donne des bonbons,  
De jolies images.  
Mais quand ils se font gronder,  
C'est le fouet qu'il faut donner,  
La triste aventure,  
Oh, gai!  
La triste aventure!*

3

*Je serai sage et bien bon,  
Pour plaire à ma mère,  
Je saurai bien mon leçon,  
Pour plaire à mon père;  
Je veux bien les contenter,  
Et s'ils veulent m'embrasser,  
La bonne aventure,  
Oh, gai!  
La bonne aventure!*

## 6. Who are You?

Richard Compton  
Quickly

German Melody



1. Good - morn - ing, lit - tle yel - low bird, Yel - low bird,  
2. My name is John - ny Vir - e - o, Vir - e - o,



- yel - low bird; Good-morn-ing, lit - tle yel - low bird, Who are you?  
Vir - e - o; My name is John - ny Vir - e - o, Who are you?

## 7. My Pony

Nathan Haskell Dole  
With spirit

German Folk-song



1. Hop! Hop! Hop! Reins I will not drop! Po - ny, you must  
2. Hop! Hop! Hop! From the long hill - top I have gal-loped



- gal - lop fast - er, If you want to please your mas - ter;  
fast and fast - er, At the bid - ding of my mas - ter.



- He'll not let you stop:— Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop!  
Now I think I'll stop! Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop!

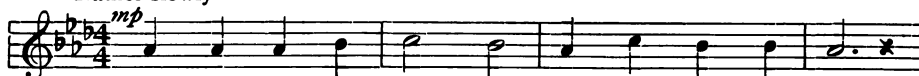
# 8. Good Pierrot 3

## Au clair de la Lune

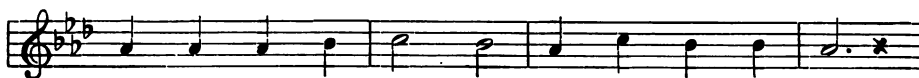
English words by Nathan Haskell Dole

French Folk-song

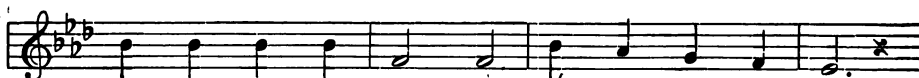
Rather slowly



1. Good Pier - rot, be - friend me, In the moon - shine bright!  
1. *Au clair de la lu - ne, Mon a - mi Pier - rot,*



Your quill pen, oh, lend me So that I may write.  
*Prê - te - moi ta plu - me Pour é - crire un mot.*



Blown out is my can - dle, My fire will not go;  
*Ma chan - delle est mor - te, Je n'ai plus de feu;*



Turn the big door han - dle, Let me in, Pier - rot!  
*• Ou - vre - moi ta por - te Pour l'a - mour de Dieu.*

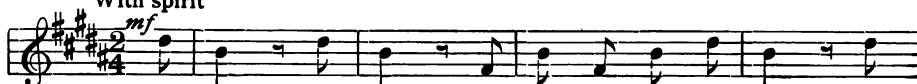
2  
Moonbeams all things lighting,  
Pierrot crossly said:—  
"I've no pen for writing,  
I am snug in bed.  
Go and ask your neighbor,  
Go to her instead;  
She is at her labor  
Making loaves of bread."

2  
*Au clair de la lune*  
*Pierrot répondit:*  
*"Je n'ai pas de plume,*  
*Je suis dans mon lit.*  
*Va chez la voisine,*  
*Je crois qu'elle y est,*  
*Car, dans sa cuisine,*  
*On bat le briquet."*

## 9. In May

Richard Compton  
With spirit

German Folk-song



1. In May, In May, In mer - ry, mer - ry May, How  
2. In May, In May, When all the world is gay, When  
3. In May, In May, All out of doors to play, When



gay and hap - py we shall be, Sing ho for love - ly May!  
ap - ple trees are ros - y white, How wel - come mer - ry May!  
all the trees are turn - ing green, O love - ly, love - ly May!

## 10. The Nut-tree

In moderate time

Old Song



1. I had a lit - tle nut - tree, Noth - ing would it bear  
2. Her dress was all of crim - son, Coal black was her hair; She



But a sil - ver nut - meg And a gold - en pear. The  
ask'd me for my nut - tree And my gold - en pear. I



King of Spain's daugh - ter Came to vis - it me, And  
said, "So fair a prin - cess Nev - er did I see, I'll



all — for the sake Of my lit - tle nut - tree.  
give to you the fruit Of my lit - tle nut - tree."

## 11. If I were a bird

Richard Compton  
Rather slowly

German Folk-song



1. If I a bird could be, I should fly o'er the sea, Far, far a-way.
2. High o'er the o - cean blue I should go fly - ing thro' Clear blow-ing wind;
3. All a long sum-mer's day O - ver the seas a-way, Far would I roam;



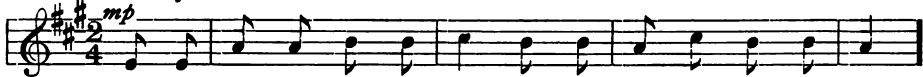
Mid snow-y clouds in air, I should go rac-ing there Swift-er than they.  
Leav-ing the ships be-low, Sail-ing a-long so slow, Far, far be-hind.  
But when the hour was late, I should go fly-ing straight Back to my home.

## 12. The Shepherdess

*Ramène tes Moutons*

Translation by William B. Snow  
Moderately fast

Old French Song



She who's fair - est in my sight I'll pre - sent for your de - light.  
*La plus ai-mable à mon gré, Je vais vous la pré-sen-ter.*



Un - der Lon - don Bridge we'll send her, Lead - ing all her lamb-kins  
*Nous lui f'rons pas-ser bar-riè-re. Ra-mèn' tes mou-tons, ber-*



ten - der; Shep-herd maid-en, lead them home, Home a - gain, no lon - ger roam.  
*gè-re, Ra-mèn', ra-mèn', ra-mèn', donc tes mou-tons A la mai-son.*



*3 part form small*

## 13. An Evening Song

Homer H. Harbour

Old Lithuanian Song

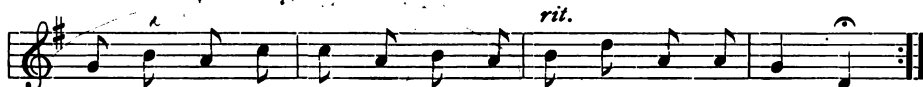
Slowly



1. Dark thro' the for - est come the shad-ows creep - ing, Cold o'er the
2. High o'er the tree - tops one bright star is beam - ing, Dew-drops of
3. Bright - ly the flames are in the fire-place leap - ing, Swift - ly the



hill - top goes the night-wind sweep-ing; In their beds of moss and feath-er  
crys - tal on the flow-ers gleam-ing; Lambs are by their moth-ers ly - ing,  
sparks go up the chim-ney sweep-ing; When the light grows dim and dim-mer,



Lit - tle birds lie warm to - geth - er; Ba - by should be sleep - ing.  
In the dark-ness bats are fly - ing; Ba - by should be dream - ing.  
Fad - ing to a ti - ny glim - mer; Ba - by lies a - sleep - ing.

## 14. Winter's past

May Morgan

German Folk-song

Moderately fast



1. Now at last win - ter's past, Hear the rob - in call - ing;
2. Down be - low quilts of snow Long have you been ly - ing;
3. Lift your heads from your beds, Rise, and, round you glanc - ing,

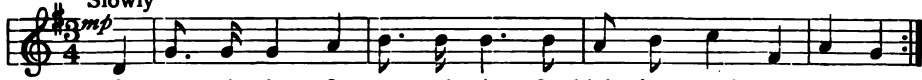


Wak - en, flow'rs, gen - tle show'rs O - ver you are fall - ing.  
Now come out, look a - bout, Soft the winds are sigh - ing.  
See where May comes to - day From the south-land danc - ing.

## 15. The Pine Tree

German Folk-song

*Slowly*



1. O moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us;  
2. O moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev-er.

A-bout thy head the wild winds roar, But firm thou stand-est ev-er-more. O  
Thou art as green in win-ter's snow As in the sum-mer's rich-est glow. O

*rit.*

moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us.  
moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev-er.

## 16. When fields are white

Homer H. Harbour

German Folk-song

*With spirit*



1. In win-ter when the fields are white, And there's sun-ny  
2. We've reach'd the top: we've turn'd a-round; On our sleds we're  
3. All aft-er-noon we climb and coast, Till the sun is

weath-er, We take our sleds and climb the hill,  
ly-ing. A push, a shove; we're off, we're off,  
sink-ing, And one by one the stars come out,

Boys and girls to-gether. Up and up and up we go,  
Down the slope we're fly-ing. "Clear the track! O-ho! Look out!  
In the clear sky wink-ing. Then at last towards home we turn;

*poco rit.*

O-ver ice and o-ver snow, Laugh-ing all to-gether.  
Ho-lul-lul-la-lo!" we shout, Thro' the wind a-fly-ing.  
Sup-per's hot, and bright fires burn; Cheer-y lights are blink-ing.

## 17. Winter, good-bye

John Erwin

Rather slowly

German Folk-song



1. Win - ter, good-bye! Blue is the sky. You have been jol - ly fun,
2. Good-bye to snow! Now you must go. We have had fun with you,
3. Warm breez - es, come, Drive win - ter home! Back to his i - cy caves



But now your stay is— done. Blue is the sky, Win - ter, good-bye!  
Coast - ing and sleigh - rides, too. Now you must go, Good-bye to snow!  
O - ver the fro - zen waves; Come, A - pril, come, Drive win - ter home!

## 18. Winter

Nathan Haskell Dole

Rather slowly

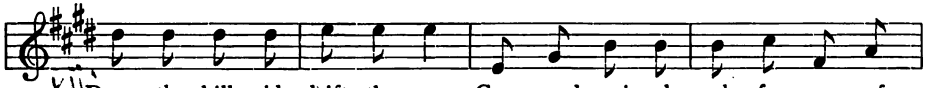
Bohemian Folk-song



1. All the win - ter long the trees are bare; Not a green leaf
2. Yet the trees are dreaming as they stand; Ros - y buds are



flut - ters an - y - where; Winds from i - cy re - gions blow,  
read - y to ex - pand; When the breath of Spring is felt,



Down the hill - side drifts the snow; Crows and squir - rels ask for scraps of  
All the ice and snow will melt; Full of life the riv - er'll rise and



bread;  
flow; One would think the riv - er fro - zen dead!  
There'll be food for squir - rel and for crow!

\*The teacher is urged to prevent any irregularity in the beat during the pauses indicated by the rests. Strict time may be preserved by the use of some simple motion in the rhythm indicated by the small notes.

## 19. The Shower

May Morgan  
Rather slowly

German Folk-song



1. The thun - der is growl - ing, And dark grows the  
2. Soon down will come dash - ing The warm sum - mer



sky, Where fast - er and fast - er The storm - clouds race by.  
rain, And dust - y brown mead - ows Grow green once a - gain.

## 20. It snows in the night

Homer H. Harbour  
Slowly

Slavonic Folk-song



1. Slow - ly the snow comes float - ing down, O - ver the  
2. Gray comes the day - light dawn - ing clear; Clouds all are



roof - tops in the town, Down thro' the night with -  
gone, the sun is here. Oh, what a love - ly



out a sound, Turn - ing and whirl - ing to the ground.  
morn - ing blue Shines on a world made white and new.

\* This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between *F* and *G* in the last measure should be strictly observed.

## 21. The Nightingale

German Folk-song

Rather slowly



1. \*Look at that beau - ti - ful sing - ing bird, Sing - ing up -
2. No, my love, that is no night - in - gale, Some oth - er



- on the fir - tree. Sure - ly it must be the  
bird it must be; Night - in - gales sing on the



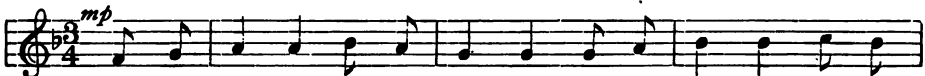
- night - in - gale! What oth - er bird can - it - be?  
ha - zel boughs, Nev - er up - on a - fir - tree.

## 22. A Picnic on the Grass

German Folk-song

Homer H. Harbour

In moderate time



1. Were you ev - er on a pic - nic When the sum - mer sky is
2. With the plat - ters made of oak - leaves, Tied to - geth - er with a
3. Pick - ing flow - ers, pick - ing ber - ries, Till the good things all are



blue, With the green grass for a ta - ble And for ta - ble - cloth too?  
string; And with cups made out of birch - bark You can drink from the spring.  
spread; Eat - ing din - ner in the sun - shine While the birds sing o'er - head.

\* One group of children may sing the first verse, another group the second.

## 23. Dancing in the Orchard

**Richard Compton**  
With swinging rhythm

## Austrian Folk-song



1. Come dance in — the or - chard 'Mid — dai - sies, Mid —  
2. Dance ring - round - a - ros - y, The — white clouds Go —  
3. Dance fast - er — and fast - er, All — laugh - ing, All —



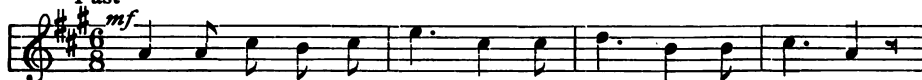
clo - ver ; Come dance in — the or - chard, All — un - der the trees.  
sail - ing ; Dance ring - round - a - ros - y, As — long as we please.  
sing - ing ; Dance fast - er — and fast - er While soft blows the breeze.

## 24. The Pony Ride

## Richard Compton

## Flemish Folk-song

## Fast



1. Here we come on our po - nies, Our po - nies, our po - nies;  
2. We are rid - ing to Bos - ton, To Bos - ton, to Bos - ton;



Here we come on our po - nies; Now whoa! whoa! whoa! Stop a mo - ment  
We are rid - ing to Bos - ton To have some fun.— Po - ny, if you'll



just to say, "Oh, how do you do, this sun - ny day?" And off we go! —  
trot with me, Some su - gar and cake you'll have for tea, So run! run! run! —

## 25. My Playmate

Homer H. Harbour  
Moderately fast

Russian Folk-song



1. I've a shad - ow for a — play - mate, And he's nev - er twice the  
2. When the sun is high at — noon - time, He's as small as he can



same; First he's short and then he's tall, Then he is - n't there at all.  
be: Hump-ty dump-ty, see him glide, Hump-ty dump-ty, by my side.

3  
As the sun gets low and lower,  
Like a giant he grows tall:  
Daddy-long-legs, when I run,  
Daddy-long-legs, oh, what fun!

4  
But I think he's scared of darkness,  
And I think he's scared of rain,  
For he slips away at night;  
When it rains he's not in sight.

5  
But the moment lamps are lighted,  
And when'er the sun comes out,  
Quickly back to me he steals,  
Tagging closely at my heels.

## 26. Riding on the Elevated

Richard Compton  
With spirit

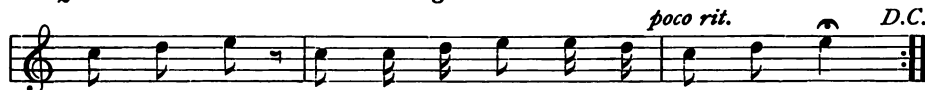
Flemish Melody



1. Up in the air the trains go fly - ing  
2. Un - der the ground the trains go fly - ing



Quick as a flash to Bos - ton town. O - ver the roofs of the  
Quick as a flash to Cam-bridge town. Un - der the hous - es and



hous - es gray Clear to the o - cean we look a - way.  
trees we fly, Un - der the church - es and tow - ers high.

\* This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between *G* and *A*, in the second and fourth measures, should be strictly observed.

## 27. A Song of Bread

Homer H. Harbour  
With swinging rhythm

German Folk-song



1. Sing a song of gold - en wheat, Gold - en wheat, gold - en wheat;  
2. Sing a song of farm - er boys, Farm - er boys, farm - er boys;



Sing a song of gold - en wheat By the breeze blown.  
Sing a song of farm - er boys Mow - ing the grain.



Birds are there, Bees are there, But - ter - flies in the air:  
Swish they go, Slash they go, Grass - es are bend - ing low:



Sing a song of gold - en wheat By the breeze blown!  
Sing a song of farm - er boys Mow - ing the grain!

3  
Sing a song of waterfalls,  
Waterfalls, waterfalls,  
Sing a song of waterfalls  
Turning wheels round.  
Sift the wheat,  
Stamp the wheat,  
Till it is soft and sweet;  
Sing a song of waterfalls  
Turning wheels round.

4  
Sing a song of baking day,  
Baking day, baking day,  
Sing a song of baking day,  
Coals burning red.  
Milk is in,  
Yeast is in,  
Ovens are hot within,  
Sing a song of baking day,  
Loaves of white bread.



## 28. Jack-in-the-Pulpit

May Morgan  
With spirit

German Folk-song



1. One sun - ny A - pril morn - ing, As I was walk - ing  
2. I bow'd to him po - lite - ly, And said, "What is your



thro' the wood, I came where Jack, the Preach-er, Up - on his pul - pit stood.  
text to - day?" But Jack, the Preach-er, stood there With-out a word to say.

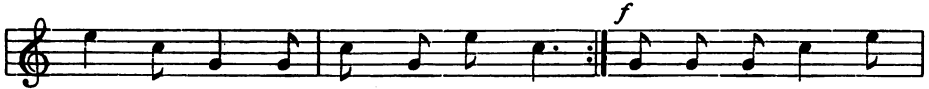
## 29. Reveille

Fast  
*mf*

Dutch Folk-song



1. From the fort where sol - diers are sleep - ing  
(*mf*) "Men, a - wake! Come run - ning and leap - ing;  
(*f*) 2. Hark! the bu - gle call - ing so loud - ly;  
See the flag that's climb - ing so proud - ly,



Sounds the bu - gle ere it is light; Tra la la la la,  
Day is com - ing, gone is the night."  
Far it ech - oes o - ver the bay; Tra la la la la,  
High, so high, to wel - come the day!



tra la la la la, Soon will the sun bring glo - ri - ous light.  
tra la la la la, Flag of our coun - try greet - ing the day!

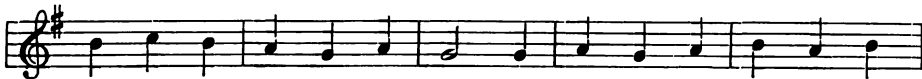
## 30. The Tall Clock

Nathan Haskell Dole  
With swinging rhythm

German Folk-song



1. Clock up - on the land - ing, How old are you, pray? How long have you been
2. Once a week they feed you,—I've seen how 'tis done! I'm learn - ing how to



stand - ing At work night and day; With pen - du - lum swing - ing, Your  
read you,—Five, four, three, two, one! Pa - pa says the sun sets And



hands turn - ing round, Strik - ing ev - 'ry hour With me - lo - di - ous sound?  
ris - es by you,—That's why ev - 'ry one Sets his watch by you, too!

## 31. The Wind

Homer H. Harbour  
Fast

German Folk-song



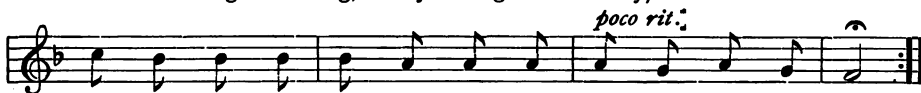
1. Down the street the wind is roar - ing, Hear his trump - ets
2. Lis - ten how the wind goes moan - ing In the chim - ney



blow! \*(Hear his trump - ets blow!) O - ver roofs and  
flue, (In the chim - ney - flue;) Round the doors and



chim - neys soar - ing, Shout - ing fierce - ly, O - ho - ho!  
win - dows groan - ing, Cry - ing sad - ly, Oo - hoo - hoo!



O - ver roofs and chim - neys soar - ing, Hear his trump - ets blow!  
\*(Let me in for I am lone - ly, Let me in with you.)

\* Words in parentheses may be sung by one child at a distance.

## 32. A Night in the Woods

## Homer H. Harbour

## Dutch Folk-song

## Slowly

Slowly



1. A - sleep in their shad - y bed, Hush - a - bye - ol Two  
2. They o - pen'd their pret - ty eyes Just be - fore dark, As  
3. They fed up - on grass - es green, Ber - ries, and ferns, And

ba - by deer nes - tled one day, — While o - ver their heads the wee  
fad - ed the long aft - er - noon; They wan - der'd all night a - mong  
drank of the lake cool and deep; But when the first light of the

*poco rit.*

Measures 10 and 11 of the musical score. Measure 10 contains a half note G4 and a half note F#4. Measure 11 contains a half note E4 and a half note D4. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The tempo marking *poco rit.* is above the staff. The section ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

birds of the wood Were sing - ing and swing - ing a - way. While way.  
mead-ows and fields Where brightly was shin - ing the moon. They moon.  
sun touch'd the trees, They lay in their bed sound a - sleep. But sleep.

### 33. The Pine Tree Swing

## Homer H. Harbour

### German Folk-song

**With swinging rhythm**

1. A - mid the boughs of an old pine tree I've  
2. I lie and watch thro' the branch - es The

found me a won - der - ful swing, Where I can rest so  
white clouds sail laz - i - ly by; And some - times lit - tle

safe, so high, And hear the breeze in the branch - es sigh, And  
birds light near And sing their songs close to my ear, And

*poco rit.*

up— and down, And up— and down, The wind sings rock - a - bye.  
up— and down, And up— and down, I rock 'twixt earth and sky.

## 34. I saw three ships

With spirit *mp* Old Song

1. I saw three ships come sail - ing by,  
 2. And what do you think was - on the ships,

Sail - ing by, sail - ing by; I saw three ships come  
 On the ships, on the ships; And what do you think was

*mf poco rit.*

sail - ing by, On New Year's day in the morn - ing.  
 on the ships, On New Year's day in the morn - ing?

3

Three pretty girls were on the ships,  
 On the ships, on the ships;  
 Three pretty girls were on the ships,  
 On New Year's Day in the morning.

4

And one could whistle, and one could sing,  
 The other could play the violin;  
 Such joy there was at my wedding,  
 On New Year's Day in the morning.

## 35. Playing Ball on the Stairs

Richard Compton French Folk-song  
 Moderately fast

1. Here is a stair - case so steep and so tall;  
 2. Bounc - ing a - way to the top it must go,

Here in my hand is a red rub - ber ball; See how I  
 Step by step down a - gain drop - ping so slow; In - to my



make it go hip - pi - ty - hop! See how I throw it way  
hand see it fall with a bump! All the way back to the



up to the top; Here it comes down a - gain, clop - pi - ty - clop!  
top see it jump! Here it comes down a - gain, bump - e - ty - bump!

### 36. Tirra-lirra-lirra

Joha Erwin  
With spirit

German Folk-song



1. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, In the spring  
2. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, Is our song,  
3. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, Soft and low,



O - ri - oles and rob - ins Sweet - ly sing; From the leaf - y branch - es  
When the love - ly sum - mer Days are long; Row - ing on the riv - er  
Hear the brook in win - ter 'Neath the snow; Tho' the leaves are dead Wher' -



We can hear Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Ring - ing clear.  
Or the sea, Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Sing with glee!  
e'er we look, Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Sings the brook.

## 37. The Little Sandman

German Folk-song

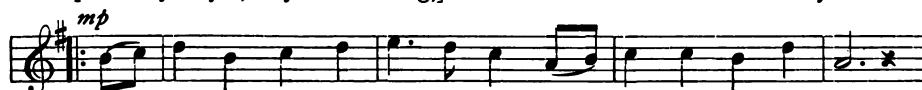
Slowly



1. The flow-'rets all sleep sound - ly Be - neath the moon's bright ray, They
2. Now see, the lit - tle sand - man At the win - dow shows his head, And
3. And ere the lit - tle sand - man Is man - y steps a - way, Thy



nod their heads to - geth - er, And dream the night a - way.  
looks for all good chil - dren Who ought to be— in bed.  
pret - ty eyes, my darl - ing, Close fast— un - til— next day.



The bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And mur - mur soft and low,  
And as each wea - ry pet he spies Throws sand in - to its eyes.  
But they shall ope at morn - ing's light And greet the sun - shine bright.



Sleep— on, sleep— on,— sleep on, my— lit - tle one!  
Sleep— on, sleep— on,— sleep on, my— lit - tle one!  
Sleep— on, sleep— on,— sleep on, my— lit - tle one!

## 38. My Shadow

May Morgan

Old Song

With swinging rhythm



1. My shad - ow's al - ways with me, No— mat - ter where I
2. His size is al - ways chang - ing, Some - times he shoots up
3. But though he's al - ways friend - ly, And loves with me to



go;— My pace he's al - ways keeping, If—fast I move, or slow.  
tall;— And then a - gain he dwin - dles Un - til he's ver - y small.  
stay,— My fun - ny lit - tle shad - ow Has not a word to say.—

## 39. Song of Praise

Richard Compton  
Slowly

Old English Song



1. God, our— Fa-ther, made the daylight; God, our— Fa-ther, made the night;
2. God, we—thank Thee for the show-ers, God, we thank Thee for the dew;



God made moun-tains, sea, and sky, And the white clouds floating high.  
Might-y — trees and flow - ers small, God, our Fa - ther, gave them all,

## 40. God, our loving Father

Richard Compton  
Slowly

Finnish Melody



1. Who made o - cean, earth, and sky? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.
2. Who made lakes and riv - ers blue? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.



Who made sun and moon on high? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.  
Who made snow and rain and dew? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.

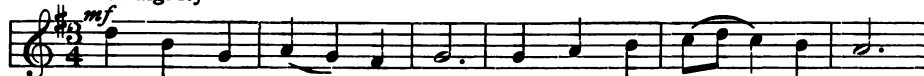


Who made all the birds that fly? God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.  
He made lit - tle chil - dren, too, God, our lov - ing Fa - ther.

## 41. Come, Thou almighty King

Charles Wesley  
With dignity

Felice Giardini



Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name— to sing,



Help us to praise. Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -



to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.

## 42. How wondrous and great

Bishop H. U. Onderdonk (1826)  
With dignity

Josef Haydn



1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of  
2. To na - tions long dark Thy light shall be



praise! How just, King of saints, And true—are Thy ways! Oh,  
shown; Their wor - ship and vows Shall come—to Thy throne: Thy



who shall not fear Thee, And hon - or Thy Name? Thou  
truth and Thy judg - ments Shall spread all a - broad, Till



on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.  
earth's ev - 'ry peo - ple Con - fess— Thee their God.



# 43. Silent Night

## Carol

Michael Haydn

Slowly



1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright  
2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! Dark - ness flies, all is light!  
3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night! Child of heav'n! oh, how bright



Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child, Ho - ly In - fant, so  
Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing "Hal - le - lu - jah,  
Thou didst smile when Thou—wast born, Bless - ed be— that



ten-der and mild, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.  
Hail the King! Christ the Sav-iour is born! Christ the Sav-iour is born!  
hap - py morn, Full of heav-en-ly joy,— Full of heav-en-ly joy!

# 44. Once, long ago

## Carol

Old Bohemian Christmas Carol

Richard Compton  
Brightly



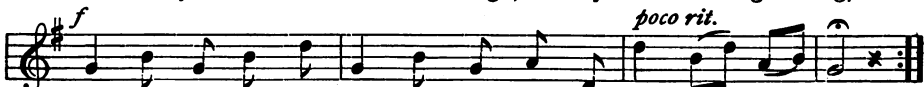
1. Once, long— a - go, when the— world lay— a - sleep,  
2. Then all— the skies were a - flame with— great light,



Out on— the— plain shep - herds watch'd o'er— their sheep;  
Where shin - ing— hosts of— God's an - gels— stood bright;



Lo, there an an - gel bright came up - on them,  
"Glo - ry to God on high," they were sing - ing,



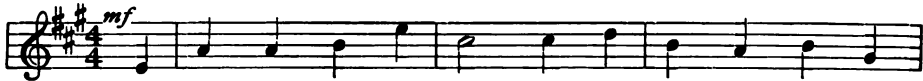
Glad ti-dings from on high bring-ing to them: Je - sus is— born!  
Joy un - to all man-kind they were bring-ing: Je - sus is— born!

## 45. Lincoln's Birthday

Homer H. Harbour

Dutch Folk-song

In moderate time



## 47. Santa Claus

Nathan Haskell Dole  
With spirit

Old German Song



1. What clat-ters on the roofs With quick im - pa-tient hoofs? I think it must be
2. I won-der what he brings, What heaps of pret - ty things, And how he gets them



San - ta Claus! Hark! Old San - ta Claus—He's in his load - ed sledge!  
down the flue. Hark! Down thro' the flue Just where the stock-ings hang!

3

'Tis cold as cold can be,  
Yet I should like to see  
If Santa Claus is dress'd his best.  
Hark! Dress'd for his ride,  
His ride around the world.

4

I guess I'll dare to peep,  
He'll think me sound asleep;  
Why, there he is with heaps of toys!  
Hark! Yes, heaps of toys;  
Yes, there is Santa Claus!

## 48. The Flag going by

Homer H. Harbour  
With dignity

German Folk-song



1. O beau - ti - ful ban - ner all splen - did with stars, That
2. From o - cean to o - cean you bright - en our land, O'er



down the street comes fly - ing, Proud em - blem of the free! My  
prai - rie, for - est, moun - tain, Su - perb a - gainst the sky. O



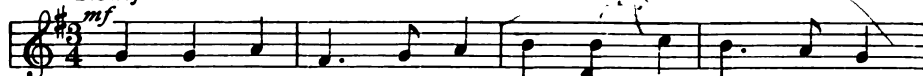
heart and hand sa - lute you, Dear flag of — lib - er - ty!  
flag for which men la - bor! O flag for—which men die!

## 49. America

Samuel Francis Smith

Slowly

Old Saxon Melody



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and



Pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.  
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

3

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees,  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4

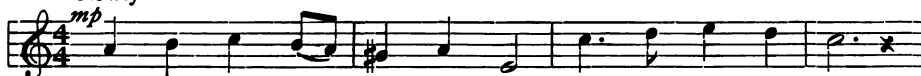
Our father's God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

## 50. How should I your true love know

W. Shakspeare

Slowly

English Folk-song



1. How should I your true love know From an - oth - er one?  
2. He is dead and gone, la - dy, He is dead and gone;



By his hat and cock - le staff, And his - san - dal shoon.  
At his head a - grass-green turf, At his - heels a stone.

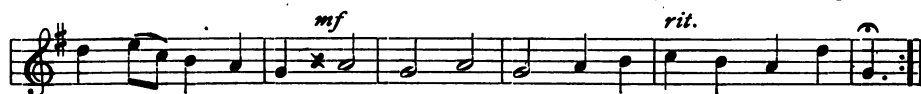
## 51. The Bells

John Erwin  
With spirit

French Folk-song



1. A - way up in the tower, Bells ring each hour; To all the world they
2. A bell rings off the shore Where sea - waves roar, To bid all ships be -

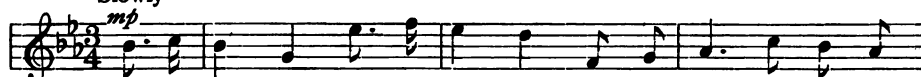


say The time of day. Ding-dong, ding-dong, Is the church bell's solemn song.  
ware, Sharp rocks are there; Ding-dong, ding-dong, Goes the bell - buoy all day long.

## 52. The Golden Boat

Homer H. Harbour  
Slowly

German Melody



1. Down the riv - er swift - ly sail - ing Comes a love - ly gold - en
2. Not a mast or sail to guide it, On the yel - low deck are
3. Now, I'll tell you that my riv - er Was the gut - ter-stream that



boat; Light it drifts as a - ny feath - er On the rush - ing stream a - float.  
seen; 'Tis a ship of ti - ny fair - ies Tak - ing home the fair - y queen.  
roll'd, And my boat, a leaf of ma - ple That the frost had turn'd to gold.

## 53. Cradle Song

In moderate time

German Folk-song



1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. Thy fa - ther tends the sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. 'Tis heav - en sends us sheep; The lit - tle stars are
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. And you shall have a sheep, And he shall have a



ap - ple - tree And down comes all the fruit for thee. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
lamb - kins white, The moon she tends them all the night. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
gold - en bell, And play with ba - by in the dell. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.


# 54. I had a little sail-boat

## La Bergère

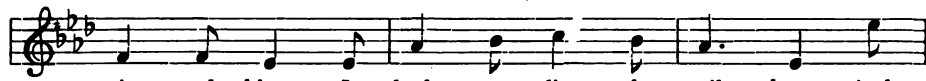
John Erwin  
With spirit

French Folk-song

*mp*

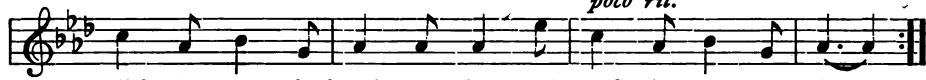


1. I had a lit - tle sail - boat; Her decks were new, and all  
1. *Il é - tait un' ber - gè - re, Et ron, ron, ron, Pe - tit*



paint - ed blue; I had a lit - tle sail - boat, And  
*pa - ta - pon, Il é - tait un' ber - gè - re Qui*

*poco rit.*



sail'd it on the brook, Tra la! And sail'd it on the brook.  
*gar - dait ses mou - tons, ron, ron, Qui gar - dait ses mou tons. —*

2

An ugly frog sat staring,  
An ugly frog that was on a log;  
An ugly frog sat staring,  
And leap'd upon her deck,  
Tra la! And leap'd upon her deck.

2

*Elle fit un fromage,  
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,  
Elle fit un fromage,  
Du lait de ses moutons,  
Ron, ron,  
Du lait de ses moutons.*

3.

*Le chat qui la regarde,  
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,  
Le chat qui la regarde  
D'un petit air fripon,  
Ron, ron,  
D'un petit air fripon.*

3

My ship went topsy-turvy;  
Her sails so white disappear'd from sight;  
My ship went topsy-turvy,  
Beneath the water clear,  
Tra la! Beneath the water clear.

4

*Si tu mets y la patte,  
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,  
Si tu mets y la patte,  
Tu auras du bâton,  
Ron, ron,  
Tu auras du bâton.*

5

*Il n'y mit pas la patte,  
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,  
Il n'y mit pas la patte,  
Il y mit le menton,  
Ron, ron,  
Il y mit le menton.*

6

*La bergère en colère,  
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,  
La bergère en colère,  
A tué son chaton,  
Ron, ron,  
A tué son chaton.*

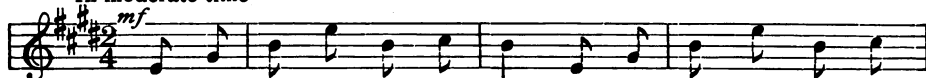
# 55. The Wind and the Shadows

## Le Petit Chasseur

Homer H. Harbour

Old French Song

In moderate time



1. On a sun - ny day in June, I have watch'd the breez - es  
1. Il é - tait un pe - tit homm', A che - val sur un bâ -



play, All a gold - en af - ter - noon, Rac - ing with the shad - ows  
ton; Il s'en al - lait à la chass', A la chass' aux z'hann - ne -



gray, A - fly - ing, fly - ing far a - way, A - fly - ing, fly - ing far a - way.  
tons Et ti ton tain' et ti ton tain', Et ti ton tain', et ti ton ton'

2

Over wood and over hill  
Sliding swift the shadows go,  
Over church and farm and mill,  
When the merry breezes blow,  
A-gliding, gliding on below,  
A-gliding, gliding on below.

2

*Il s'en allait à la chass',  
A la chass' aux z'hannetons;  
Quand il fut sur la montagn',  
Il partit un coup d'cannon.  
Et ti ton tain', etc.*

3

*Quand il fut sur la montagn',  
Il partit un coup d'cannon;  
Il en eut si peur tout d'mêm',  
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons.  
Et ti ton tain', etc.*

3

But the breezes stop their play,  
In the golden sunset light,  
And the shadows creep away  
In the forest out of sight,  
A-sleeping, sleeping through the night,  
A-sleeping, sleeping through the night.

1

*Il en eut si peur d'mêm',  
Qu'il tomba sus ses talons;  
Tout's les dames du villag  
Lui portèrent des bonbons.  
Et ti ton tain', etc.*

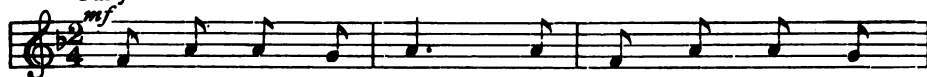
5

*Tout's les dames du villag'  
Lui portèrent des bonbons.  
Je vous remerci', mesdams,  
De vous et de vos bonbons.  
Et ti ton tain', etc.*

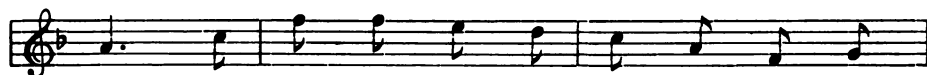
## 56. Cock-a-doodle-doo

English Folk-song

Gaily



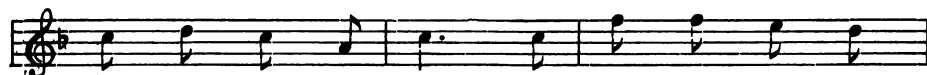
1. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My dame has lost her  
2. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! What is my dame to  
3. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My dame has found her



shoe, My mas - ter's lost his fid - dling stick, And  
do? Till mas - ter's found his fid - dling stick, She'll  
shoe, And mas - ter's found his fid - dling stick, Sing



doesn't know what to do, And doesn't know what to do, And  
dance with - out her shoe, She'll dance with - out her shoe, She'll  
doo - dle - doo - dle - doo! Sing doo - dle - doo - dle - doo, Sing



doesn't know what to do; My mas - ter's lost his  
dance with - out her shoe; Till mas - ter's found his  
doo - dle - doo - dle - doo; And mas - ter's found his



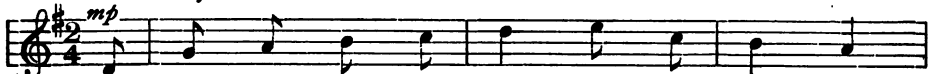
fid - dling stick, And doesn't know what to do.  
fid - dling stick, She'll dance with - out her shoe.  
fid - dling stick, Sing doo - dle - doo - dle - doo!



## 57. The Mail-box

Homer H. Harbour  
Moderately fast

German Folk-song



1. The let - ters come all day to the mail - box
2. All in the dark they lie for an hour or
3. To coun - tries far a - way shall these let - ters



bright, Like pi - geons to the house where they sleep at night.  
more, Un - til the post - man comes to un - lock the door;  
go; Here's one must take a jour - ney to Mex - i - co;



Lift the lid and in they go, Down to join their  
Out they hur - ry in a flock; Click be - hind them  
That one goes to far Ja - pan, This one goes to



mates be - low; Each one goes tum - bling in and is lost to sight.  
goes the lock, And now they're off on trav - els the wide world o'er.  
Hin - du - stan; To Par - is and to Rome and to To - ki - o.

## 58. Evening on the River

Richard Compton  
Slowly

German Folk-song



1. The riv - er is clear as glass, Just be - fore sun - set, As we
2. Far down in the wa - ters clear See the clouds sail - ing; Some are
3. The bright clouds are fad - ing now, Night is fast com - ing; In the



loos - en Our row - boat And drift a - long shore.  
crim - son And ros - y, Some flam - ing with gold.  
dark - ness Be - neath us There gleams a bright star.

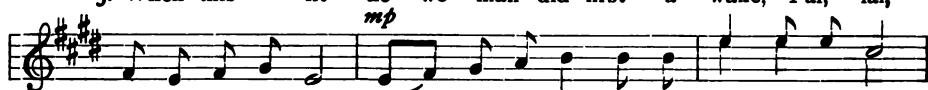
# 59. The Old Woman and the Peddler

English Folk-song

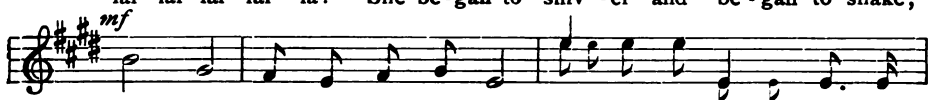
With spirit



1. There was an old — wo - man, as I've heard tell, Fal, lal,
2. There came — by a ped - dler whose name was Stout, Fal, lal,
3. When this — lit - tle wo - man did first a - wake, Fal, lal,



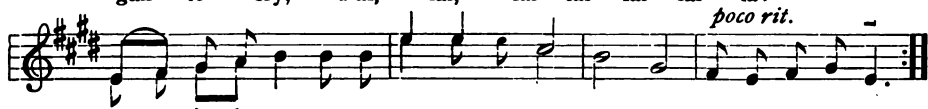
lal lal lal lal la! She — went to mar - ket her eggs for to sell,  
 lal lal lal lal la! He — cut her pet - ti - coats round a - bout,  
 lal lal lal lal la! She be - gan to shiv - er and be - gan to shake;



Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la! She went to mar - ket as  
 Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la! He cut her pet - ti - coats up  
 Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la! She be - gan to won - der, she be -



I've heard say, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la!  
 to her knees, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la! Which  
 gan to cry, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la!



She fell a - sleep on the King's high - way, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la!  
 made the old — wo - man to shiv - er and sneeze, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la!  
 "Oh, deary me, this can nev - er be I!" Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal la!

4

"But if it be I, as I hope it be,  
 Fal, lal, etc.

5

Home went the old woman all in the dark,  
 [me, Fal, lal, etc.

I've a doggie at home that I'm sure knows Then up got her dog and began to bark,  
 Fal, lal, etc.

And if it be I he will wag his tail, He began to bark, she began to cry,  
 Fal, lal, etc.

And if it's not I he will bark and wail." "Deary me, dear! This is none of I!"  
 Fal, lal, etc.

## 60. If I were an elfin

Homer H. Harbour

Bohemian Folk-song



1. If I were a ti - ny elf - in Just as high
2. There I'd watch from out my win - dow Bum - ble - bees
3. Safe from gi - ant toad and spar - row I should keep



As a fly, I should creep in - to a flow - er There to lie.  
In the breeze, Buzz - ing by a - mong the grass - es Tall as trees.  
Hid - den deep, Till the sum - mer wind would rock me Fast a - sleep.

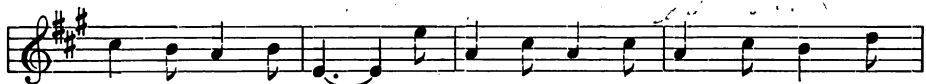
## 61. The Cuckoo

Homer H. Harbour

German Folk-song



1. The cuck - oo is a sau - cy bird, and
2. The rob - in and the o - ri - ole oft



will not hold her tongue; The cuck - oo is a gad - a - bout, and  
scold her to her face;— They tell her faults to all the wood, and



cares not for her young; She quar - rels long and nois - i - ly, And  
pub - lish her dis - grace; Yet not a sin - gle whit cares she, But



chat - ters out in ev - 'ry tree, Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!—  
chir - rups at them sau - ci - ly, Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!—

## 62. The Lamps of Night

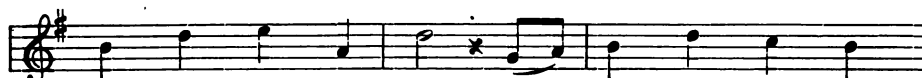
Homer H. Harbour

English Melody

Slowly



1. When eve - ning comes, and it's grow - ing dark, I—  
 2. And— one by one in the build - ings high The—  
 3. And— o - ver - head in the qui - et skies, The—



watch from out my room, Like— chains of gold - en  
 win - dows blaze with light, Un - til like tow - ers  
 stars be - gin to show,— The— lamps of God that



beads a - far, The— street lamps light the gloom.  
 fill'd with gold They— stand there in the night.  
 He has set To — light His world be - low.

## 63. The Strawberry Girl

Old English Melody

In moderate time



1. Oh, is it not a — pleas - ant thing To— wan - der thro' the woods? To  
 2. To sit with - in the— deep cool shade, At— some tall ash-tree's root; To  
 3. I sigh when first I— see the leaves Fall,—yel - low on the plain; And




look up - on the— paint - ed flow'rs, And— watch the— op - 'ning buds.  
 fill my lit - tle— bas - ket— with The sweet and scent - ed fruit.  
 all the win - ter — long I — sing, "Sweet Sum - mer, come a - gain!"

## 64. The Old Man

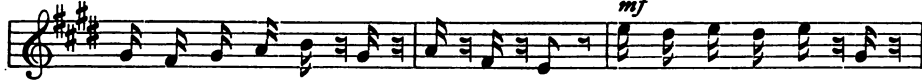
German Folk-song

**Fast**  
*mp*




1. Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, The old man's com - ing;  
2. Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, The old man's com - ing;

*mf*



Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, What brings he here? Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, Nice  
Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, What else has he? Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, Such

*poco rit.*



su - gar can - dy, Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, For you, my lit - tle dear.  
pret - ty play-things, Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, A pock - et full for thee.

3  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
What more I wonder?  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
A good stout cane;  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
Some little boy's been crying,  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
He'd best not cry again.

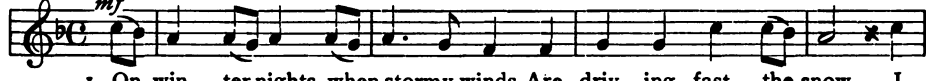
4  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
My Will's a darling;  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
Ne'er cries, he'll find;  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
He'll keep his caning,  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
For boys who do not mind.

## 65. In the Firelight

Homer H. Harbour  
In moderate time


English Folk-song

*mf*



1. On win - ter nights when stormy winds Are driv - ing fast the snow, I  
2. Then while the old folks tell their tales And sto - ries of the past, To  
3. To see bold knights and dragons there, And caves and cas - tles red, Un -

*poco rit.*



love to sit - be - fore the fire, And hear the north-wind blow.  
look for pic - tures in the flames That from the wood leap fast.  
til the flames have all died down, And I must go to bed.

## 66. Robin-a-Thrush

With swinging rhythm

English Folk-song



1. O Rob - in - a - Thrush he mar - ried a wife, With a  
2. Her cheese when made was put on the shelf, With a



hop - pe - ty, mop - pe - ty mow, now; She proved to be the  
hop - pe - ty, mop - pe - ty mow, now; And it nev - er was turned till it



plague of his life, With a hig jig jig - ge - ty,  
turned of it - self, With a hig jig jig - ge - ty,



ruf - fe - ty pet - ti - coat, Rob - in - a - Thrush cries mow, now!

3

It turn'd and turn'd till it walk'd on the floor,  
With a hoppety, moppety, mow, now;  
It stood upon legs and walk'd to the door,  
With hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,  
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

4

It walk'd till it came to Banbury Fair,  
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;  
The dame follow'd after upon a grey mare  
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,  
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

5

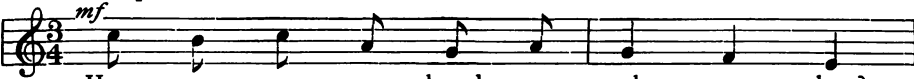
This song it was made for gentlemen,  
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;  
If you want any more you must sing it again,  
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,  
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

## 67. Echo Song

John Erwin  
With spirit


German Folk-song

*mf*



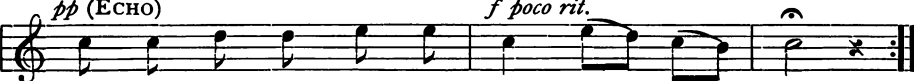
1. Have you ev - er heard an ech - o clear?  
2. Some - times in the wood the ech - oes hide;  
3. In an emp - ty house are ech - oes found,

*f*



Lis - ten as we sing and you shall hear; Heigh - o, Heigh - o, Heigh - o!  
Shout, and they shout back from ev - 'ry side; Hey - o, Hey - o, Hey - o!  
Just like sol - emn voic - es un - der - ground; Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo!

*pp* (ECHO) *f poco rit.*



Heigh - o, Heigh - o, Heigh - o! Sing with good cheer!  
Hey - o, Hey - o, Hey - o! Shout far - and - wide!  
Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo! How sad - they - sound!

## 68. Where are you going to?

Old Song

With swinging rhythm

*mp*



1. "Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid? Where are you go - ing to,  
2. "May I go with you, my pret - ty maid? May I go with you,



my pret - ty maid?" "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,  
my pret - ty maid?" "You're kind - ly wel - come, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,

*mf* *poco rit.*



"Sir," she said, "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.  
"Sir," she said, "You're kind - ly wel - come, Sir," she said.

3 4

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid? "Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid,  
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?" "Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."  
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said, "Nobody ask'd you, Sir," she said,  
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,  
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said. "Nobody ask'd you, Sir," she said.

## 69. The Apple-tree House

Richard Compton

German Melody

Moderately slowly



1. The ap - ple - tree is cov - er'd with blos - soms of —  
2. We make be - lieve we're In - dians, a - hid - ing all —



pink, With the branch - es all a - round it bent down to the  
day; And we lie there on our cush - ions of grass soft as



grass - tops; Un - der - neath it we have made us our Ap - ple - tree House.  
vel - vet; Watching birds that come to see us in Ap - ple - tree House.

## 70. Planting a Garden

Richard Compton

Flemish Melody

With swinging rhythm



1. Your rake and shov - el and wheel - bar - row bring; Let's  
2. Be sure you cov - er them all ere you go; Now



plant us a gar - den this morn - ing in spring;  
rake the top o - ver and leave them to grow.



Dig lit - tle trench - es, pull out all the weeds;  
Shine, mer - ry sun - light, and fall, gen - tle rain!



Pour in some wa - ter, then drop in your seeds.  
Tend to my gar - den till I come a - gain.



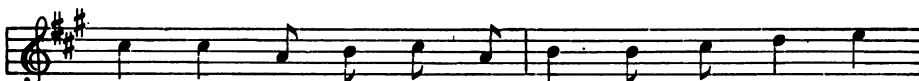
## 71. On a frosty morning

John Erwin  
With spirit

French Folk-song



1. Pat - ter go the nuts on a frost - y  
2. Mis - ter Squir - rel lives in a hol - low



morn - ing, Fall - ing from the trees to the ground be -  
ma - ple; Win - dow there is none, and but one small



low; Here's Mis - ter Squir - rel, hop! hop! hop! Pick - ing them  
door; Time aft - er time fast home he hops, In - to his



up as—fast they drop; Pack-ing them a - way for his food in  
door the nuts he drops; Who do you sup - pose is in - side to



win - ter, When the woods and fields will 'be white with snow.  
meet him? Moth - er Squir - rel gray and her chil - dren four.

## 72. Early one morning

Nathan Haskell Dole

English Folk-song

In moderate time



1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, be - fore the sun had ris - en, I heard a  
2. One Au-tumn aft - er-noon, just as the sun was set - ting, I heard a



blue - bird in the fields gay - ly sing, "South winds are blow - ing,  
blue - bird on a tree pipe a song, "Fare - well! we're go - ing;



Green grass is grow - ing,— We come to her - ald the mer - ry Spring."  
Cold winds are blow - ing; But we'll be back when the days grow long."

## 73. November

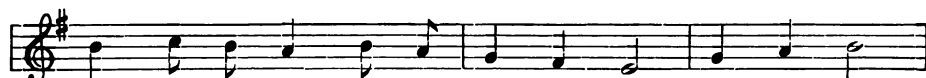
Homer H. Harbour

Bohemian Folk-song

Slowly



1. Gone are the swal - lows from field and hill;  
2. With - er'd and gone are the clo - vers red;



Where rob - ins sang all the trees are still; Woods are bare  
Dai - sies and sun - flow - ers all are dead; As - ters blue,



Ev - 'ry - where; Loud cries the blue - jay be - hind the mill, Where the dry  
Pop - pies, too; Soon o'er the fields win - ter winds will spread Drifts of snow



Dead leaves lie; Where rob - ins sang all the trees are still.  
High and low; Dai - sies and sun - flow - ers all are dead.

## 74. The Robin

3 staves

Old Song

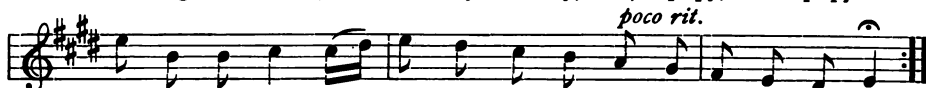
In moderate time



1. There came to my win - dow one morn - ing in spring A  
2. His wings he was spread - ing to soar far a - way, Then



sweet lit - tle rob - in, he came there to sing; The tune that he sang, it was  
rest - ing a moment, seemed sweetly to say, "Oh, hap - py, how hap - py the



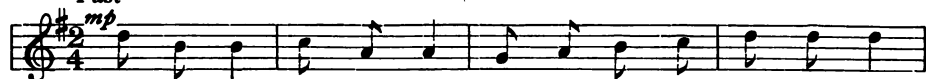
pret - ti - er far Than a - ny I heard on the flute or gui - tar.  
world seems to be; A - wake, dear - est child, and be hap - py with me."

## 75. The Chickadee

May Morgan

German Folk-song

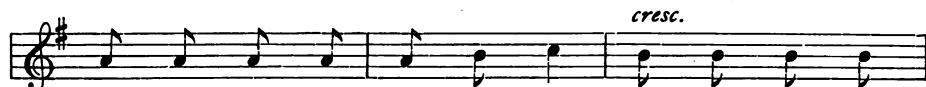
Fast



1. Trees are bare ev - 'ry where, Snows are deep and skies are gray;  
2. Jol - ly chap with a cap Soft - as vel - vet, black as night;



Yet one bird may be heard On the cold - est day.  
He's so gay, Qua - ker gray Does not suit him quite.



Ask his name and he'll re - ply, Cock - ing up a  
Most un - like his so - ber coat Is his bright and



ro - guish eye, "Chick - a - dee, chick - a - dee, Chick - a - dee - dee - dee."  
cheer - y note, "Chick - a - dee, chick - a - dee, Chick - a - dee - dee - dee."

## 76. The Holiday

Nathan Haskell Dole

Old French Song

With spirit



1. One morn - ing ear - ly, Fra - grant was the air; The dew - drops
2. 'Twas per - fect weath - er For an out - ing gay; We rode to -



pearl - y Spar - kled ev - 'ry - where, And light clouds curl - y Prom - is'd t'would be  
geth - er On the load of hay, — In such high feath - er, Sing - ing all the



fair. Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la.  
way, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la.

3

The pine grove shaded  
Rustic seats and swings;  
The small boys waded,  
Tried their swimming wings;  
The young girls aided  
With the picnic things.  
Tra la la la, etc.

4

And when day ended  
With the homeward ride,  
Our voices blended  
As the sunset died;  
The full moon splendid  
All things glorified.  
Tra la la la, etc.

## 77. The Farmer

French Folk-song

Moderately fast



1. The farm - er on the low - land Ev - er pac - es to and fro, Sow - ing
2. The farm - er on the low - land Ev - er pac - es to and fro, Reap - ing



bar - ley in the spring - time, Ev - er hop - ing it will grow; Sow - ing  
bar - ley in the au - tumn, Leav - ing stacks all in a row; Reap - ing



bar - ley as he pac - es, In the spring - time of the year; When the  
bar - ley as he pac - es, In the au - tumn of the year; When the



fruit - trees are in blos - som, Sow - ing bar - ley far and near.  
grain is ripe and gold - en, Reap - ing bar - ley far and near.

## 78. Lullaby

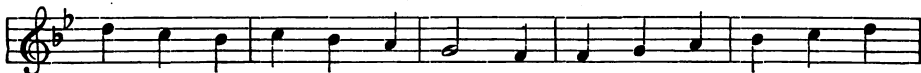
Scotch Folk-song

Richard Compton

Slowly



1. Hush - a - by ba - by, the night winds are sigh - ing, Go to sleep,
2. Warm in their wool - ly folds lamb - kins are rest - ing, Soft in their



go to sleep, crick - ets are cry - ing; Sleep till the dew on the  
sway - ing beds wee birds are nest - ing; All the dark night in your



grass - es is wink - ing, Sleep till the morn - ing sun wak - ens you blink - ing.  
cra - dle lie dream - ing 'Till the broad sun thro' the win - dow is stream - ing.

# 79. The Little Ship

*James*

With swinging rhythm

English Folk-song



1. I saw a ship a - sail - ing, A - sail - ing on the
2. The four and twen - ty sail - ors That stood be - tween the



sea!— And, oh, it was all lad - en With pret - ty things for  
decks, Were four and twen - ty white mice With chains a - bout their



thee! — There were com - fits in the cab - in And  
necks;— The cap - tain was a lit - tle duck With a



ap - ples in — the hold, And the spread - ing sails were  
pack - et on — his back, And — when the ship be -



made of silk, And the masts were made of gold.—  
gan to move, The cap - tain cried, "Quack! Quack!"

# 80. The Merry-go-round

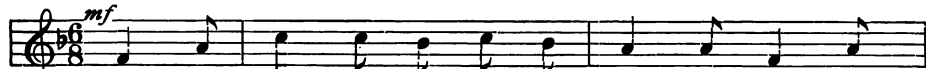
## Dame Tartine

Homer H. Harbour

French Folk-song

Fast

*mf*



1. Round and round on gal - lop - ing hors - es, Round and  
1. *Il é - tait un' da - me Tar - ti - ne, Dans un*



round on bil - ly - goats white, Boys and girls are hap - pi - ly  
*beau pa - lais de beurr' frais, Les mu - raill's é - taient de fa -*



rid - ing, Laugh - ing loud with mer - ry de - light; With mu - si - cal  
*ri - ne, Le par - quet é - tait de cro - quets, Sa chambre à cou -*



sound the mer - ry - go-round, The mer - ry - go-round is whirl - ing a - round.  
*cher E - taient d't-chau-dés, Son lit de bis - cuit: C'est fort bon la nuit.*

2

Side by side go lions and tigers,  
Tall giraffes and long-legg'd cranes;  
Ev'ry one is wearing a saddle;  
Ev'ry one has beautiful reins.  
With musical sound the merry-go-round,  
The merry-go-round is whirling around.

3

We can choose whichever we want to,  
When our turn for riding is here;  
I think I shall go on a tiger;  
Don't you want to ride on a deer?  
With musical sound the merry-go-round,  
The merry-go-round is whirling around.

2

*Quand ell' s'en allait à la ville.  
Elle avait un petit bonnet;  
Les rubans étaient de pastille  
Et le fond de bon raisiné;  
Sa petit' carriole  
Était d'croquignole;  
Ses petits chevaux  
Étaient d'pâtés chauds.*

## 81. Old King Cole

*2 part*

With spirit Old Song

*mf*

Old King Cole was a mer-ry old-soul, And a

mer-ry old soul was he; And he call'd for his pipe, And he

call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers three. Ev-ry fid-dler

had a fid-dle fine, A ver-y fine fid-dle had he; Then

*poco rit.*

twee-dle-dee went the fid-dlers three, And so mer-ry we-will-be.

## 82. Butterflies

### *Girofle, girofla*

English words by Nathan Haskell Dole  
Moderately fast

French Folk-song

*mp*

(SOLO) 1. What pret-ty wings you flut-ter, But-ter-flies, But-ter-flies! Please

(Solo) 1. *Que t'as de bel-les fil-les, Gi-ro-flé, Gi-ro-fla! Que*

take me up there with you, Let me with you rise! What with you rise!

*t'as de bel-les fil-les, L'a-mour m'y comp-t'ra. Que m'y comp-t'ra.*





(CHORUS) Ay, pret - ty wings we flut - ter, But - ter - flies, But - ter - flies! You  
(Chœur) *Elles* sont bell's et gen - til - les, Gi - ro - flé, Gi - ro - fla! *Elles*



have no wings to float on—No, you can - not rise! Ay, can - not rise!  
sont bell's et gen - til - les, L'a-mour m'y comp - t'ra. Ell's m'y comp - t'ra!

2

(SOLO) ||: What lovely things you look at,  
Butterflies, Butterflies!  
Bright flow'rs and trees you look at  
When you sail the skies. :||

(ALL) ||: Ay, lovely things we look at,  
Butterflies, Butterflies,  
Yet you see more than we see—  
You have bigger eyes! :||

2

(Solo)   ||: *Donne-moi-z'en donc une,*  
*Giroflé, girofla :*  
*Donne-moi-z'en donc une,*  
*L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||*

(Chœur) ||: *Pas seul' ment la queue d'une,*  
*Giroflé, girofla :*  
*Pas seul' ment le queue d'une,*  
*L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||*

3

(Solo)   ||: *J'irai au bois seulette,*  
*Giroflé, girofla :*  
*J'irai au bois seulette,*  
*L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||*

(Chœur) ||: *Si le roi t'y rencontre ?*  
*Giroflé, girofla :*  
*Si le roi t'y rencontre ?*  
*L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||*

4

(Solo)     : J'lui f'rai trois révérences,  
              *Giroflé, girofla :*  
              J'lui f'rai trois révérences,  
              *L'amour m'y compt'ra. :*

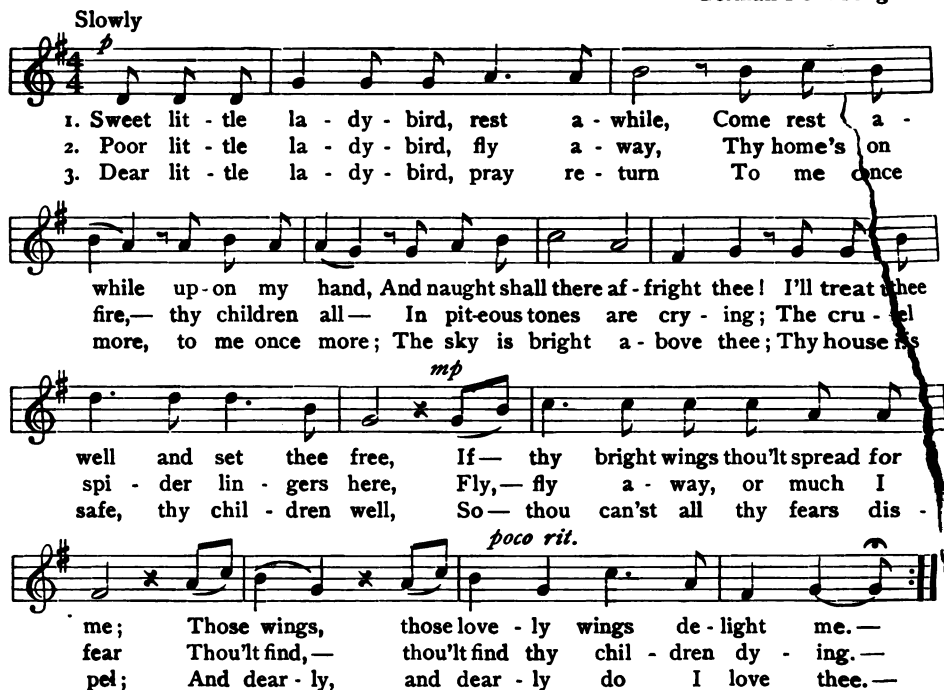
(Chœur)   : Si le diabl' t'y rencontre?  
              *Giroflé, girofla :*  
              Si le diabl' t'y rencontre?  
              *L'amour m'y compt'ra. :*

(Solo)     : Je lui ferai les cornes,  
              *Giroflé, girofla,*  
              Je lui ferai les cornes,  
              *L'amour m'y compt'ra. :*

## 83. Ladybird

German Folk-song

*Slowly*



1. Sweet lit - tle la - dy - bird, rest a - while, Come rest a -  
 2. Poor lit - tle la - dy - bird, fly a - way, Thy home's on  
 3. Dear lit - tle la - dy - bird, pray re - turn To me once

while up-on my hand, And naught shall there af - fright thee! I'll treat thee  
 fire,— thy children all— In pit-eous tones are cry - ing; The cru - el  
 more, to me once more; The sky is bright a - bove thee; Thy house is

*mp*

well and set thee free, If— thy bright wings thou'lt spread for  
 spi - der lin - gers here, Fly,— fly a - way, or much I  
 safe, thy chil - dren well, So— thou can'st all thy fears dis -

*poco rit.*

me; Those wings, those love - ly wings de - light me.—  
 fear Thou'lt find,— thou'lt find thy chil - dren dy - ing.—  
 pel; And dear - ly, and dear - ly do I love thee.—


## 84. The Swallows

*Le furet du bois joli*

Homer H. Harbour

Old French Song

*Fast*



1. The swal-lows fly in the sky, When the sum-mer sun is  
 1. Il court, il court, le fu - ret, Le fu - ret du bois, mes

high; The swal-lows fly o'er the trees, Rac - ing, chas - ing with the  
 dam's, Il court, il court, le fu - ret, Le fu - ret du bois jo -



breeze. Swing-ing high and swing-ing low, In great cir-cles round they  
*li. Il a pas-sé par i-ci; Le fu-ret du bois mes*



go; Swing-ing high and swing-ing low, In great cir-cles round they  
*dam's, Il a pas-sé par i-ci, Le fu-ret du bois jo-*



go. The swal-lows fly in the sky, When the sum-mer sun is  
*li. Il court, il court, le fu-ret, le fu-ret du bois mes*



high; The swal-lows fly o'er the trees, Rac-ing, chas-ing with the breeze.  
*dam's; Il court, il court, le fu-ret, le fu-ret du bois jo-li.*

2

The swallows fly swift and high,  
 Darting after moth or fly;  
 The swallows fly here and there,  
 Sailing, circling everywhere.  
 Dropping down a drink to take,  
 Ripples in the pond they make;  
 Dropping down a drink to take,  
 Ripples in the pond they make.  
 The swallows fly swift and high,  
 Darting after moth or fly;  
 The swallows fly here and there,  
 Sailing, circling everywhere.

## 85. The old folks at home

Adapted from Stephen Foster  
In moderate time

Stephen Foster



1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
2. All 'round the lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,



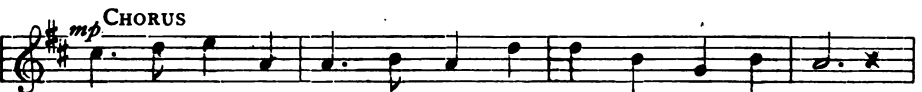
There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.  
Then ma - ny hap - py days I squan - der'd, Ma - ny the songs I sung.  
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.



All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,  
When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I,  
When shall I see the bees a - hum - ming, All 'round the comb?.



Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.  
Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die!  
When shall I hear the ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?



All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,



Oh, how my heart grows sad and wea - ry! Far from the old folks at home.

# 86. Oh, come, all ye faithful

## Adeste fideles

Translated from the Latin by F. Oakeley  
With dignity

J. Reading



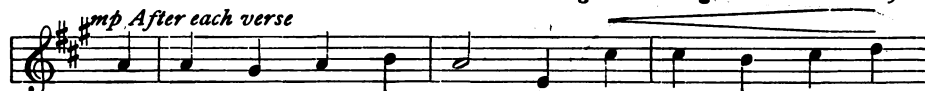
*mf*  
1. Oh, come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, Oh,  
1. A - des - te, fi - de - les, Lae - ti tri-um-phan - tes; Ve -



come ye, oh, come— ye to Beth - - le - hem;  
ni - te, ve - ni - - te in Beth - - le - hem;



Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of An - gels;  
Na - tum vi - de - te Re - gem An - ge - to - rum;



*mp* After each verse  
Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Oh, come, let us a -  
Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do -



*mf cresc.* *rit.*  
dore Him, Oh, come, let us a - dore Him, Our God— and King.  
re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Do - mi - num.

2  
Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above;  
Glory to God  
In the highest;  
Oh, come, let us adore Him, etc.

3  
Yea, God, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning,  
Jesus, to Thee be glory given.  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing,  
Oh, come, let us adore Him, etc.

2  
*Cantet nunc Io*  
*Chorus Angelorum,*  
*Cantet nunc aula coelestium,*  
*Gloria in excelsis Deo:*  
*Venite adoremus, etc.*

3  
*Ergo qui natus*  
*Die hodierna,*  
*Jesu, tibi sit gloria:*  
*Patris aeterni*  
*Verbum caro factum;*  
*Venite adoremus, etc.*

# 87. The First Noel

## Carol

With spirit

Traditional Melody



1. The first— No - el, the An-gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor  
2. They look - ed— up and saw— a Star Shin-ing in— the



shep-herds in fields as they lay; In— fields— where they lay—  
East,— be - yond— them far, And to— the earth it —



keep - ing their sheep On a cold win - ter's night that was— so deep.  
gave— great light, And— so it con - tin - ued both day— and night.



No - el, — No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

3

And by the light of that same Star  
Three Wisemen came from country far,  
To seek for a King was their intent,  
And to follow the Star wherever it went.  
Noel, Noel, etc.

5

Then enter'd in, those Wisemen three,  
Full rev'rently upon their knee,  
And offer'd there, in His presence,  
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.  
Noel, Noel, etc.

4

This Star drew nigh to the northwest,  
Over Bethlehem it took its rest,  
And there it did both stop and stay,  
Right over the place where Jesus lay.  
Noel, Noel, etc.

6

Then let us all with one accord,  
Sing praises to our Heav'nly Lord,  
That hath made Heav'n and earth of  
nought,  
And with His blood mankind hath bought.  
Noel, Noel, etc.

# 88. What Child is this?

## Carol

Old English Melody

Slowly



1. What Child is this who, laid to rest,—On Ma - ry's lap—is
2. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh, Come peas - ant, king to



sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet, While  
own Him; The King of kings sal - va - tion brings; Let



shep-herds watch are keep - ing? This, this is Christ the King, Whom  
lov - ing hearts en - throne Him. Raise, raise the song on high; The



shep - herds guard,—and an - gels sing: Haste, haste— to  
Vir - gin sings— her lull - a - by: Joy. joy, — for



bring Him laud,— The Babe,— the Son — of Ma - ry.  
Christ is born,— The Babe,— the Son — of Ma - ry.

## 89. Happy New Year

### *Semons la salade*

John Erwin  
With spirit

French Folk-song

1. To all peo - ple in the world this day New Year's  
*1. Se - mons, se - mons la sa - la - de, Le jar -*

greet - ings we send on their way, New Year, New Year,  
*di - nier est ma - la - de, Se - mons, Se - mons,*

*poco rit.*

Wish you hap - py New Year! Here at home, or liv - ing far a - way.  
*Dans huit jours ell' pous - se - ra, Dans trois se - main's on la ver - ra.*

2  
 Sailors sailing in their ships at sea,  
 Soldiers all wherever you may be,—  
 New Year, New Year,  
 Wish you happy New Year!  
 May your New Year very joyful be!

2  
*Coupons, coupons la salade,  
 Le jardinier est malade,  
 Coupons, coupons,  
 Filles et vaillants picards  
 Dans trois semain's il s'ra trop tard.*

3  
 Miners digging underneath the ground,  
 Workmen toiling where the wheels turn  
 round,—  
 New Year, New Year,  
 Wish you happy New Year!  
 Ev'rybody all the world around.

3  
*Mangeons, mangeons la salade,  
 La jardinière est malade,  
 Mangeons, mangeons,  
 Et les grands et les petits  
 Mangeons à notre appétit.*

## 90. St. Valentine's Day

### *Le roi d'Yvetot*

Richard Compton  
With spirit

French Folk-song

1. A - mong the win - ter's hap - py days Comes  
*1. Il é - tait un roi d'Y - ve - tot Peu*

one in Feb - ru - a - ry, When old and young send val - en - tines To  
*con - nu dans l'his - toi - re; Se le - vant tard, se con - chant tôt, Dor -*



make each oth - er mer - ry; Tra la la la, Tra la la  
*mant fort bien sans gloi - re, Et cou - ron - né par Jean - ne -*

la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la  
*ton D'un sim - ple bon - net de co - ton, Dit-on. Oh, oh, oh,*

*poco rit.*  
 la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la.  
*oh! Ah, ah, ah, ah! Quel bon pe - tit roi c'é - tait là, la, la.*

2  
Shop windows full of valentines  
Look just like gardens growing,  
With white and red and pink and blue  
And gold and silver glowing.  
Tra la la la, etc.

2

*Il faisait ses quatre repas  
Dans son palais de chaume,  
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,  
Parcourait son royaume.  
Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien  
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien  
Qu'un chien.  
Oh, oh, oh, oh ! ah, ah, ah, ah !  
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,  
La, la.*

4  
*Il n'agrandit point ses États,  
 Fut un voisin commode,  
 Et, modèle des potentats,  
 Prit le plaisir pour code.  
 Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira  
 Que le peuple, qui l'enterra,  
 Pleura.  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh ! ah, ah, ah, ah !  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là,  
 La, la.*

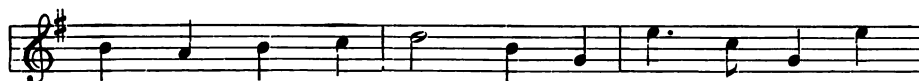
## 91. Evacuation Day

**John Erwin**  
With spirit  
*mf*

## German Folk-song



1. A song of Bos-ton sing to-day, In  
2. A king who lived a-cross the sea Once  
3. To Bos-ton from all na-tions throug The



práise of our great cit - y; So beau - ti - ful up -  
ruled us with his sol - diers; But men of Bos - ton  
peo - ple who love free - dom; O no - ble cit - y,



on her hills, Be - side the blue wide - spread - ing bay.  
drove them out, And made our coun - try ev - er free.  
beau - ti - ful, Our home be - lov - ed, great and strong.

## 92. On Easter Day

**John Erwin**  
**In moderate time**

## Old Melody



1. On East - er Day, as I — was go - ing Thro' the woods, the winds were  
2. And with the dis - tant church-bells' ring - ing Came the sound of chil - dren  
3. I wish'd the song might last for - ev - er; Sweet - er mu - sic heard I



blow - ing; Far a - way the church-bells rang: Ding - dong, cling - clang.  
 Sing - ing, Sweet as an - gels heard a - far: Al - le - lu - ia!—  
 nev - er; Borne a - cross the fields a - far: Al - le - lu - ia!—

## 93. April Vacation

John Erwin

English Melody



1. Va - ca - tion - time has come with the warm spring days,—  
2. Our pa - pers and our books we shall put a - way,—



Sing with a Ho! all to - geth - er! The fields are turn - ing green in the  
Sing with a Ho! all to - geth - er! We'll have a jol - ly week full of



sun's— warm— rays, In the sweet A - pril weath - er.  
fun — and — play, In the sweet A - pril weath - er.

## 94. Memorial Day

Richard Compton

Bohemian Folk-song



1. March - ing proud - ly, March - ing proud - ly, Went our sol - diers  
2. Star - ry ban - ner, Star - ry ban - ner, Proud - ly fly - ing  
3. Ev - er bright - ly, Ev - er bright - ly, Let our flag wave



out to fight in bat - tle; Now they lie be - neath the  
o - ver all the cit - y; 'Twas for you men fought so  
o'er the sleep - ing sol - diers; Flag of our be - lov - ed



flow - ers, Now they lie be - neath the flow - ers.  
brave - ly, 'Twas for you men fought so brave - ly.  
coun - try, Flag of our be - lov - ed coun - try.

## 95. Our Country

Homer H. Harbour  
In march time

Old Song

*mf*

1. From ev - 'ry land and na - tion A - round this world so wide, To  
2. O dear and love - ly coun - try That spreads from sea to sea, To

our great coun - try men have come To work and strive, and  
you we pledge our hearts to - day, To you we pledge our

*rit.*

make a home, As broth - ers side by side, As broth - ers side by - side.  
lives for aye; O na - tion of the free! O na - tion of the - free!

## 96. All through the night

Welsh Air

*Slowly*

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at - tend thee, All thro' the night;  
2. Moth - er dear is close be - side thee, All thro' the night,

Guard - ian an - gels God will send thee, All thro' the night.  
Watch - ing that no harm be - tide thee, All thro' the night;

Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in  
Thro' the o - pen win - dow stream - ing, Moon - light on the

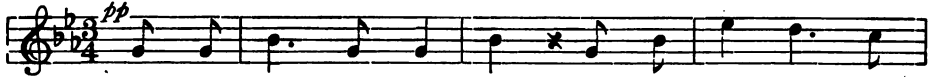
*rit.*

slum - ber steep - ing, I my lov - ing watch am keeping, All thro' the night.  
floor is gleam - ing, While my ba - by lies a - dreaming, All thro' the night.

## 97. Slumber Song

John Erwin  
Slowly

German Melody



1. Hush - a - by, and good - night, In the sky stars are  
2. Hush - a - by, have no fear; Lit - tle an - gels are



bright, While ros - es in — bloom Fill with fra - grance the  
near; — Their watch they will — keep While my ba - by's a -



room. With the morn, if God will, You will wak - en a -  
sleep; Dream the dark night a - way 'Till God's sun brings the



gain; With the morn, if God will, You will wak - en a - gain.  
day; Dream the dark night a - way 'Till God's sun brings the day.

## 98. The Wild Rose

In moderate time

German Folk-song



1. In the wood a boy one day Saw a wild-rose grow - ing; There so fresh and  
2. Said the boy, "I'll pluck thee now, Rose in for - est grow - ing." Said the rose, "I'll  
3. Yet the wild boy pluck'd the rose, In the for - est grow - ing; From his hand the



bright it lay, He would bear the prize a - way In its beau - ty  
sting, I vow, Make thee think of me, I trow, When thy tears are  
red blood flows, All his tears, full well he knows, Can - not stay its



glow - ing. Pret - ty, pret - ty, red, red rose In the for - est grow - ing.  
flow - ing." Pret - ty, pret - ty, red, red rose In the for - est grow - ing.  
flow - ing. Pret - ty, pret - ty, red, red rose In the for - est grow - ing.

## 99. The Merry Sportsman

German Folk-song

Fast



1. The sports-man hies him thro' the wood And glad - ly seeks his
2. "My lit - tle dog is ev - er near When thro' the leaf - y



home a - gain, With dog and gun, But birds not one! With  
glades I — roam; My heart beats high When he is nigh, My



dog and gun, But birds not one! For no — sport, for  
heart beats high When he is nigh; To guard me, to



no — sport, No sport he's had since day's — be - gun.  
guard me, Or guide me on in safe - ty home."

## 100. The Trolley Ride

Homer H. Harbour

French Folk-song

With swinging rhythm



1. Here is the o - pen trol - ley, Come for a ride with me! —
2. Boys on the riv - er row - ing, Mo - tor-boats in the bay, —



Come for a spin so jol - ly, Won - der - ful sights to see, —  
Men in the mead - ows mow - ing, Toss - ing the fra - grant hay, —



Church-es and stores and tow - ers, Gar - dens of love - ly flow - ers,  
Clouds through the sky are chas - ing, Au - to - mo - biles a - rac - ing;



Bridg - es and shin - ing sail - boats,—Come for a ride with me!—  
Here is the o - pen trol - ley,—Come, let us ride a - way!—

## 101. Autumn Song

John Erwin  
Slowly

Bohemian Folk-song



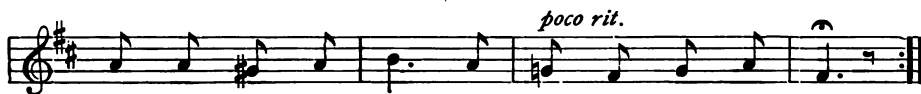
1. From the bough o'er - head The leaves are float - ing down;
2. Some fall in the street, And some fall on the grass;
3. Some are raked in piles And burn'd by leap - ing fire;



Some are flam - ing red, And some are with - er'd brown;  
Some the chil - dren's feet Send fly - ing as they pass;  
Some are blown for miles By winds that nev - er tire;



Slow they flut - ter thro' the air, And sail - ing, spin - ing,  
Some lie in the gut - ters wide And, when it rains, sail  
Some lie thro' long win - ter hours As cov - ers for the



sink - ing to the ground, Lie scat - ter'd ev - 'ry - where.  
off like fair - y boats A - down the rush - ing tide.  
sleep - ing lit - tle seeds Be - fore they 'wake to flowers.

# 102. A frog he would a-wooing go

With swinging rhythm

English Folk-song



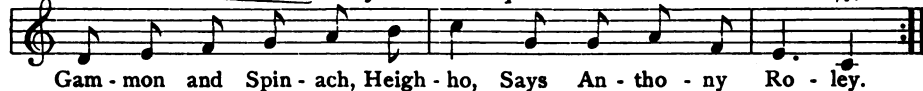
1. A frog he would a-woo - ing go, } Heigh-ho, says Ro - ley.—  
2. So off he set with his op - 'ra hat,



A frog he would— a - woo - ing go,—  
So off he set with his op - 'ra hat, And



Wheth - er his moth - er would let him or no. } With a Ro - ley, Po - ley,  
on the way — he met with a rat. } *poco rit.*



Gam - mon and Spin - ach, Heigh - ho, Says An - tho - ny Ro - ley.

3

They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.

They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,  
And there they both did knock and call.

With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,  
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

4

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"  
"Oh, yes, sir, here I sit and spin."

With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,  
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

5

Then Mrs. Mouse, she did come down,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.

Then Mrs. Mouse, she did come down,  
All smartly dress'd in a russet gown.

With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,  
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.



## 6

She had not been sitting long to spin,  
 Heigh-ho, says Roley,  
 She had not been sitting long to spin,  
 When the cat and the kittens came tumbling in.  
 With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,  
 Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

## 7

The cat seized Master Rat by the crown,  
 Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
 The cat seized Master Rat by the crown,  
 The kittens pulled Mrs. Mousey down.  
 With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,  
 Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

## 8

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,  
 Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
 This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,  
 He took up his hat and he wish'd them "Good-night."  
 With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,  
 Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

## 9

And as he was passing over the brook.  
 Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
 And as he was passing over the brook,  
 A lily white duck came and gobbled him up.  
 With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,  
 Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

## 10

So there's an end of one, two, three,  
 Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
 So there's an end of one, two, three,  
 The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggy.  
 With a Roley, Poley, Gammon and Spinach,  
 Heigh-ho, says Anthony Roley.

# 103. A Sailing Song

Homer H. Harbour

German Folk-song

With swinging rhythm



1. The o - cean winds are blow - ing; The rap - id tide is  
2. The waves be - fore us curl - ing Are soon be - hind us



flow - ing; Come let us go a - sail - ing A - down the bay so blue! A  
whirl - ing; We leave a white track foaming That soon fades out of sight. A



der - ry down do, A der - ry down do, Be - hind us drops the shore; A  
der - ry down do, A der - ry down do, Be - hind us drops the shore; A



der - ry down do, A der - ry down do, The sea springs up - be - fore.  
der - ry down do, A der - ry down do, The sea springs up - be - fore.

# 104. Bobbie Shaftoe

Homer H. Harbour

English Melody

Moderately fast



1. Bob - bie Shaf - toe's one year old, Bob - bie's eyes are bright as gold,  
2. Bob - bie Shaf - toe's black and white; When it's dark his eyes are bright,



And his nose both pink and cold, - Lit - tle Bob - bie Shaf - toe!  
Like two lamps set in the night, Pret - ty Bob - bie Shaf - toe!



On the rug he loves to doze; Then he wakes and off he goes,  
Bob - bie's ver - y fond of fun; Round and round he'll frisk and run;



Step - ping on his cush - ion toes, Pret - ty Bob - bie Shaf - toe!  
Now, I ask you, ev - 'ry - one, What is Bob - bie Shaf - toe?

## 105. Moon Song *a b A*

Homer H. Harbour

Bohemian Folk-song

In moderate time



1. Sil - ver moon sail - ing, Thro' the sky sail - ing, What do you  
2. Cit - ies and tow - ers, Gar - dens of flow - ers, Turn'd in - to



see when you look down be - low? Snow - cov - er'd moun-tains,  
sil - ver be - neath your clear light; Ships on the o - cean,



Pal - a - ces, foun - tains. Sil - ver moon sail - ing, Thro' the sky  
Wind - mills in mo - tion, Cit - ies and tow - ers, Gar - dens of



sail - ing, What do you see when you look down be - low?  
flow - ers, Turn'd in - to sil - ver be - neath your clear light.

## 106. Swing Song

Homer H. Harbour

German Folk-song

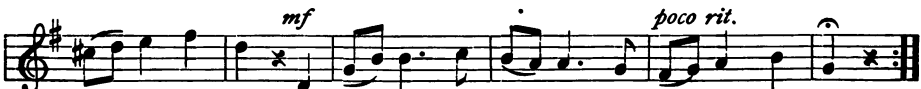
With swinging rhythm



1. Oh, swinging and swinging be-neath our—old tree, Oh, swinging and  
2. Oh, swinging and swinging, the leaves dance o'er head; Oh, swinging and



swinging is gay sport for—me; Then swing me high And let me fly As  
swinging o'er green grass out-spread; Then up a - gain, And up a - gain As



high as can be; Oh, swinging and swinging is gay sport for me.  
high as can be; Oh, swinging and swinging is gay sport for me.

## 107. The Meeting of the Waters

Thomas Moore

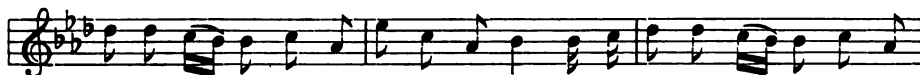
Irish Air

Slowly

*mp*



1. There is not in the wide world a val-ley so sweet, As that  
2. Sweet—vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy



vale in whose bos-om the bright wa-ters meet; Oh, the last rays of feel-ing and  
bos-om of shade, with the friends I love best; Where the storms that we feel in this



life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall  
cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be



*poco rit.*  
fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart!  
mingled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be min-gled in peace.

## 108. Song of the Sea-gull

Homer H. Harbour

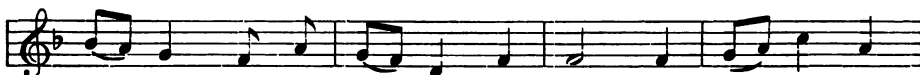
Irish Air

Slowly

*mf*



1. All day— long o'er the o - cean I fly, My  
2. All night long in my rock home I rest; A -



white wings beat - ing fast thro' the sky; I hunt fish - es  
way— up - on a cliff is my nest; The waves mur - mur,



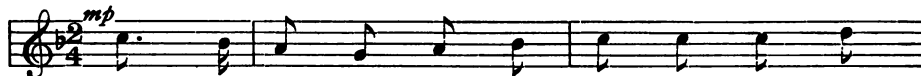
*poco rit.*  
all—down the bay, And ride on rock-ing bil - lows in play.  
mur-mur be - low, And winds fresh from the sea o'er me blow.

# 109. The Elves' Dance

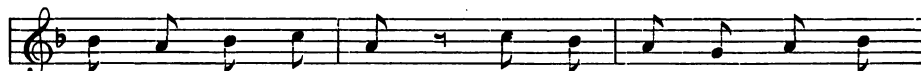
Homer H. Harbour

Portuguese Folk-song

Fast



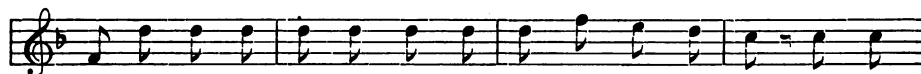
1. Oh, as I was out a - walk - ing in the
2. They were fun - ny lit - tle fel - lows with long
3. All at once I stepp'd up - on a twig that



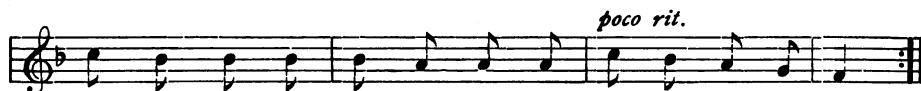
wood, one night in June, I came out up - on an  
beards as white as snow, And each wore a scar - let,  
crac - kled where I stood; Like a flash the troop of



o - pen place dim light - ed by the moon; And with -  
point - ed cap with tin - kling bells be - low; To the  
ti - ny men slipp'd off in - to the wood; And as



in the mist - y cir - cle was a troop of lit - tle men, Danc - ing  
mu - sic made by ka - ty - dids and crick - ets in the night They were  
far and far - ther yet they went I heard the mu - sic fade, Dy - ing



ring - a - round, and ring - a - round, and ring - a - round a - gain.  
ca - per - ing and scam - per - ing and pranc - ing with de - light.  
air - i - ly and fair - i - ly to si - lence in the glade.

# 110. A Song for Sailors and Soldiers

John Erwin  
With spirit

English Folk-song



1. Give three long cheers — for sail - ors  
2. Give three long cheers — for sol - diers



on — the sea, — Give three long, loud cheers,  
march - ing by, — Give three long, loud cheers,



loud — as loud — can be! — Thro' wind and tide Their  
wave — your flags — on high! — By — day or night They



ships they guide To guard our shores from dan - ger; Brave  
march and fight To save — our homes from dan - ger; Brave

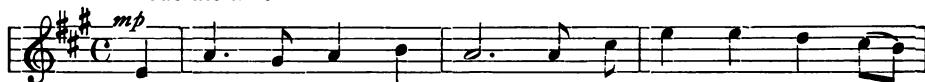


boys in blue, — we trust — our lives — to you. —  
boys in brown, who guard old Bos - ton town. —

# 111. My Garden of Flowers

Homer H. Harbour  
In moderate time

English Folk-song



1. My gar - den I did plant In the first warm days of —  
2. In A - pril, daf - fo - dils O - pen'd wide their yel - low



spring - time, I tend - ed and wa - ter'd and  
flow - ers, While snow - drops and vi - o - lets, and



weed - ed it so well, While the blue birds a - bove did  
dan - de - li - ons, too, Bos - som'd bright 'neath the sun and



sing, While the blue - birds a - bove did sing.  
show'rs, Bos - som'd bright 'neath the sun and show'rs.

3

In May the tulips blazed  
Golden yellow, white and crimson ;  
And lilacs their clusters of lavender hung out,  
With their perfume of rare delight,  
With their perfume of rare delight.

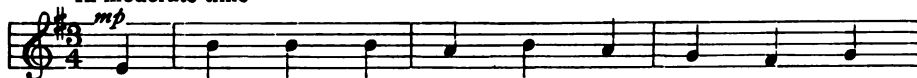
4

But June the fairest flow'r  
Of the summer sent to greet me,  
For then in my garden the red, red roses bloom'd,  
The red rose that is queen of all,  
The red rose that is queen of all.

# 112. Sunset in the City

Richard Compton  
In moderate time

English Folk-song



1. The sun in the sky sink - ing down to his  
2. The cross - es of church - es a - loft in the  
3. And now he has tak - en his last gleam a -



rest Is bid - ding the cit - y good - night; — He  
sky Are glit - ter - ing bright in his rays, — On  
way To coun - tries and cit - ies a - far; — But



looks from his win - dow of clouds in the west, And  
win - dows in tow - ers and of - fic - es high He  
o - ver the stee - ple where shone his last ray, There



floods all the hous - es with light, with light, — And  
shines till they seem all a - blaze, a - blaze, — He —  
hangs in the sky a bright star, a star, — There



floods all the hous - es with light. —  
shines till they seem all a - blaze. —  
hangs in the sky a bright star. —

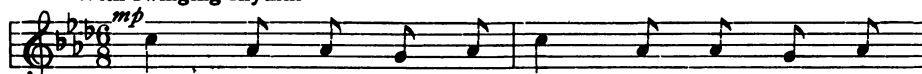


# 113. Morning

## *Trempe ton pain, Marie*

French Folk-song

With swinging rhythm



1. Eat your bread, Ma - ry, Eat your bread, Ma - ry,  
1. *Trempe* ton pain, Ma - rie, *Trempe* ton pain, Ma - rie,



Eat your bread and but - ter; Drink your milk, Ma - ry,  
*Trempe* ton pain dans la sau - ce, *Trempe* ton pain, Ma - rie,



Drink your milk, Ma - ry, Now your break - fast is done.—  
*Trempe* ton pain, Ma - rie, *Trempe* ton pain dans le vin.—



Don't be wait - ing here, School-time's get - ting near; You'll be late, Ma - ry,  
*Nous i - rons di-man-che, A la mai-son blanche Toi - z-en Nan - kin,*



If you wait, Ma - ry, Take your books and run!—  
*Moi - z-en ba - zin, Tous deux en es - car - pins.—*

2

Take your spelling book,  
Take your spelling book,  
Take your pen and pencil;  
Take your reading book,  
Take your reading book,  
Now go hurrying fast!  
Don't you stop to play,  
Keep right on your way!  
Down the street she goes,  
Up the steps she goes,  
Safe in school at last.

# 114. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls

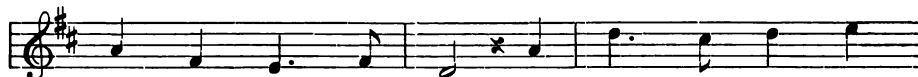
Thomas Moore

Irish Air

Slowly



1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The  
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The



soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on  
harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a - lone that



Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So  
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus



sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And  
Free-dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is



hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.  
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

# 115. Caterpillar! Caterpillar!

Homer H. Harbour

Russian Folk-song

Fast  
*mp*



1. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar! You are such a
2. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar! Keep a - way from
3. Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar! Creep a - way and



pret - ty sight, Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar!  
phoe - be birds; Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar!  
hide you soon; Cat - er - pil - lar! Cat - er - pil - lar!



Blue and yel - low, black and white. Take care what you do,  
Keep a - way from this - tle - birds! Look out what you do,  
Spin your - self a gay co - coon. Dark and si - lent lie,



Rob - ins are a - hunt - ing you; Take care  
Swal - lows are a - hunt - ing you; Look out  
Till you are a but - ter - fly; Dark and



what you do, Spar - rows are a - chas - ing you!  
what you do, Finch - es are a - chas - ing you!  
si - lent lie, Till you are a but - ter - fly.

# 116. Loch Lomond

Scotch Melody

Slowly



1. By yon bon-nie banks— and yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. I mind where we part-ed in yon shad-y glen, On the
3. The wee bird-ies sing and the wild flow-ers spring; And in



sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond; Oh, we two have pass'd so  
steep, steep side of Ben Lo-mond, Where in pur-ple— hue the  
sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-ing, But the brok-en— heart it



ma-ny blithesome days, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.  
High-land hills we view, And the morn shines out from the gloam-ing.  
seeks no sec-ond spring, And the world does not know how we are greet-ing.



Oh, you'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, And



I'll be in Scot-land be-fore you; But I and my true love will



nev-er meet a-gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.

# 117. A Song of Ships

Homer H. Harbour  
With swinging rhythm

English Melody



1. The ships sail the o - cean, The o - cean, the o - cean, Sail
2. With grain - ships and fruit - ships Are coal - ships and oil - ships, And



east - ward and west - ward, And north and south a - way. Great smok - y  
white - wing - ed schoon - ers That fly be - fore the breeze. Some car - ry



steam - ers, And tug - boats with barg - es, Sail o'er the  
su - gar, And some car - ry spic - es; Some car - ry



o - cean By night and by day. From Eng - land, from Ire - land, From  
sol - diers To fight o - ver - seas. To Eng - land, to Ire - land, To



Den - mark, from Nor - way, Ships sail to Bos - ton From lands far a - way.  
Den - mark, to Nor - way, Ships sail from Bos - ton To lands o - ver seas.

# 118. The Lorelei

Heinrich Heine

Tr. by Nathan Haskell Dole

Friedrich Silcher

Slowly



1. I know not what means the sad feel - ing That swells with - in — my
2. From yon - der peak there gaz - es A maid - en sweet and
3. The fish - er - man dream - i - ly glid - ing Is caught by the lure — of



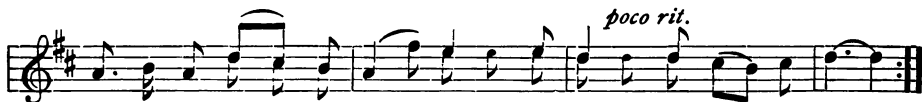
breast;— An an - cient leg - end ap - peal - ing Dis -  
 fair;— Her jew - el'd rai - ment blaz - es; She  
 love;— He sees not the sharp— rocks hid - ing, He



turbs and gives me no rest.— The air— is cool; day is  
 combs her gold - en hair;— She combs with a comb bright and  
 sees but the heights far a - bove.— The boat by the bil - lows is



end - ed, And calm - ly flows— the Rhine;— The  
 gold - en, And sings a thrill - ing lay— A  
 brok - en, And the gal - lant boat - man is drown'd,— And



moun-tain-tops ris - ing splen - did In twi - light glo - ry shine.—  
 song that is wild— and old - en To charm a man's heart a - way.—  
 this is the Witch-maiden's to - ken, When her songs at eve - ning sound.—

a. a.

## 119. The Country Farmer's Son

English Folk-song

In march time



1. I would not be a — mon — arch great, With crown up — on my  
2. I would not be a — mer — chant rich, And eat off sil — ver



head, And earls to wait up — on my state, In —  
plate, And ev — er dread, when laid a — bed, Some



splen — did robes of red. For he must bear full ma — ny a care, His  
sud — den turn of fate: One day on high, then ru — in nigh, Now



toil is nev — er done; 'Tis bet — ter, I trow, be — hind the plow, 'Tis —  
wealth — y, now un — done; 'Tis bet — ter for me at ease to be, 'Tis —

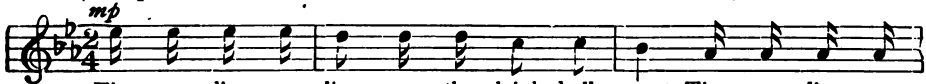


bet — ter, I trow, be — hind the plow, A coun — try farm — er's son.  
bet — ter for me at ease to be — A coun — try farm — er's son.

## 120. The Sleigh-ride

Homer H. Harbour  
With spirit

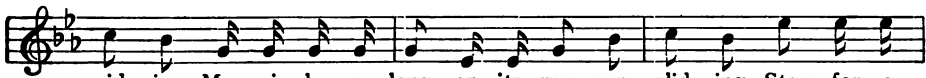
Canadian Folk-song



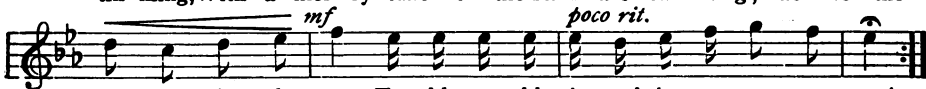
1. Ting - a - ling - a - ling go the sleigh-bells sweet, Ting - a - ling - a -  
2. Ting - a - ling - a - ling as we glide a - long, Ting - a - ling - a -  
3. Ting - a - ling - a - ling by the fro - zen lake, Ting - a - ling - a -



ling is the sleigh-bells' song; See how the hors - es pull to .  
ling, what a noise we make! All aft - er-noon our bells are



geth - er, Gal - lop - ing a - long in the frost - y weath - er; Trot! go the  
tin - kling, With a mer - ry tune till the stars are twin - kling; Back to the



hoofs with cheer - y sound, Clat - ter, clat - ter, clat - ter, o'er the fro - zen ground.  
cit - y turn we fast; Ting - a - ling - a - ling, and now we're home at last!

## 121. The Light-house

John Erwin  
In moderate time

English Folk-song



1. There stands on an is - land all rock - y and bare A - slen - der white  
2. When twi - light has come at the close of the day, And all the blue  
3. When - ev - er they see that light burn - ing a - far, Bright sparkling a -



o - cean is turn - ing to gray, At the top of this tow - er there  
cross the dark waves like a star; Then they know well where dan - ger - ous



shines a great light To send warning to sail - ors who jour - ney by night.  
rocks lie be - low, And all safe on their way o'er the o - cean they go.



# 122. On a summer day *En passant par la Lorraine*

Homer H. Harbour  
With spirit

French Folk-song



1. Oh, as I went down to Do-ver, On a sum-mer day;— Oh, as  
1. *En pas-sant par la Lor-rai-ne, A-vec mes sa-bots,— En pas-*



I went down to Do-ver, On a sum-mer day;— All the  
*sant par la Lor-rai-ne, A-vec mes sa-bots,— Ren-con-*



air was sweet with clo-ver, Where the farm-er boys were  
*trai trois ca-pi-tai-nes, A-vec mes sa-bots don-*  
*poco rit.*



mow-ing In the hay,— On a sum-mer day.—  
*dai-ne, oh, oh, oh! — A-vec mes sa-bots!—*

2  
||: All the air was sweet with clover,  
On a summer day; :||  
And the sky was blue all over,  
Not a single cloud was sailing,  
Far away, on a summer day,

3  
||: Oh, the sky was blue all over,  
On a summer day; :||  
And at last I came to Dover  
Where the merry bells were ringing  
Blithe and gay, on a summer day.

2  
||: *Ils m'ont appelé vilaine,*  
*Avec mes sabots, :||*  
*Je ne suis pas si vilaine,*  
*Avec mes sabots dondaine,*  
*Oh, oh, oh! Avec mes sabots!*

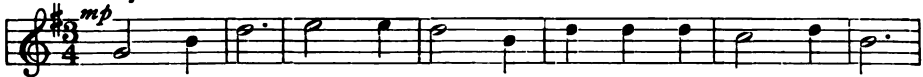
3  
||: *Car le prince de Lorraine,*  
*Avec mes sabots, :||*  
*M'a donné pour mes étrennes*  
*Avec mes sabots dondaine,*  
*Oh, oh, oh! Avec mes sabots!*

4  
||: *Un bouquet de marjolaine,*  
*Avec mes sabots, :||*  
*S'il m'épous' je serai Reine*  
*Avec mes sabots dondaine,*  
*Oh, oh, oh! Avec mes sabots!*

## 123. Shining Wires

Homer H. Harbour  
Slowly

German Folk-song



1. Sil - ver wires, high a - bove us, Stretch - ing so far a - way,
2. Voic - es run swift as light - ning O - ver the miles of wire,



Are the roads where our voic - es Jour - ney by night and  
Far a - cross plain and moun - tain, Rac - ing with feet of



day, Wher - ev - er we may send them Trav - el - ling on— their way.  
fire To take our friends a mes - sage O - ver the sil - ver wire.

## 124. Home, sweet home

John Howard Payne  
In moderate time

Henry Bishop



1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it
2. I — gaze on the moon as I tread the dear wild, And
3. An— ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,—



ev - er so hum - ble, there's no— place like home. A  
feel— that my moth - er now thinks of her child, As she  
give— me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The



charm—from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,  
looks— on that moon from our own— cot - tage door, Thro' the  
birds— sing - ing gai - ly, that came— at my call; Give me



seek thro' the world, is ne'er met—with else-where. Home, home, sweet, sweet  
woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet  
them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet



home; Be it ev - er so hum - ble There's no — place like home.  
home; There's no — place like home, Oh, there's no — place like home.  
home; There's no — place like home, Oh, there's no — place like home.

## 125. Auld lang syne

Robert Burns

Slowly

Scotch Air



1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And  
2. And here's a hand, my trust - y friend, And



nev - - er brought to mind? Should auld ac - quaint - ance  
give us a hand of thine; We'll take a cup of



be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For  
kind - ness yet, For auld — lang — syne.



auld — lang — syne, my dear, For auld — lang — syne, We'll

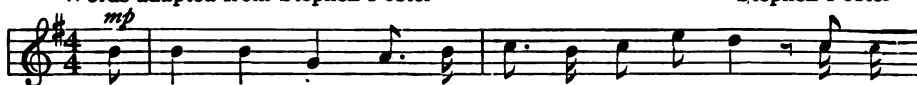


take a cup of kind - ness yet, For auld — lang — syne.

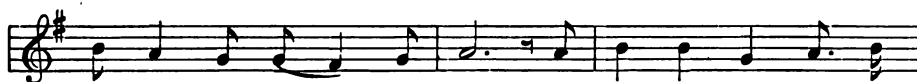
# 126. My old Kentucky home

Words adapted from Stephen Foster

Stephen Foster



1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis  
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the



sum-mer, the fields— are gay; The corn - top's ripe and the  
mead-ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the



mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The  
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old — cab-in door. The



young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All mer - ry, and hap - py, and  
day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de -



bright; By'm - bye, hard times come a - knock - ing at the door, Then my  
light; The time has come when faith - ful friends must part, Then my



old Ken - tuck - y home, good - night! Weep no more, my



la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day; We will sing one song for the



old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home far a - way.

## 127. Morning Song

Slowly

English Folk-song



Thou, true God a-lone, Who dost reign a-bove us,—Hear this morn-ing prayer



Which be-gins our day. Thou, up-on Thy throne, Thou dost ev-er



love-us, We are in Thy care;—Bless us, we pray.

## 128. In heavenly love abiding

Anna L. Waring

Johann Wilhelm Hässler

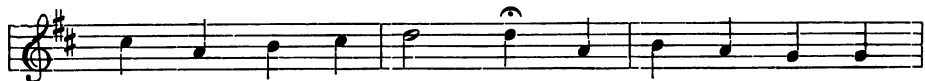
With dignity



1. In heav'n-ly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear; And
2. Wher-ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My
3. Green pas-tures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright



safe is such con-fid-ing, For noth-ing chang-es here. The  
Shep-herd is be-side me, And noth-ing can—I lack. His  
skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark-est clouds have been. My



storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be  
wis-dom ev-er wak-eth, His sight is nev-er  
hope I can-not meas-ure, My path to life is



laid, But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis-may'd?  
dim, He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.  
free, My Sav-ior has my treas-ure, And He will walk with me.

# 129. Good King Wenceslas

## Carol

Traditional Melody

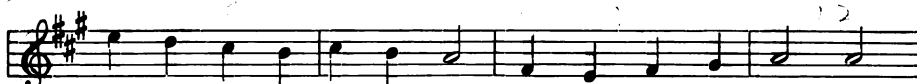
With spirit



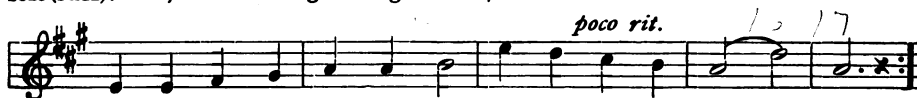
CHORUS: 1. Good King Wen-ces - las look'd out On the feast of Ste - phen,  
SOLO (KING): 2. "Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it tell - ing,



Where the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;  
Yon - der peas - ant, who is he, Where and what his dwell - ing?"



Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,  
SOLO (PAGE): "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the moun - tain



When a poor man came in sight, Gath - ring win - ter fu - el.  
Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain."

3

SOLO (KING):

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine logs hither;  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
When we bear them thither."

CHORUS:

Page and monarch forth they went,  
Forth they went together;  
Through the rude wind's wild lament  
And the bitter weather.

4

SOLO (PAGE):

"Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind blows stronger;  
Fails my heart, I know not how,  
I can go no longer."

SOLO (KING):

"Mark my foot-steps, my good page,  
Tread thou in them boldly;  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5

CHORUS: In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

# 130. Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella!

Carol

E. Cuthbert Nunn  
In moderate time

Old French Carol



1. Bring a torch, — Jean - nette, Is - a - bel - la!
2. It is wrong when the Child — is sleep - ing,
3. Soft - ly to — the lit - - tle sta - ble,



Bring a torch, to the cra - dle run! It is  
It is wrong — to talk — so loud; Si - lence,  
Soft - ly for — a mo - ment come; Look and



Je - sus, good folk of the vil - lage; Christ — is  
all, as you gath - er a - round, Lest — your  
see — how charm - ing is Je - sus, How He is



born and Ma - ry's call - ing; Ah, ah! beau - ti - ful  
noise should wak - en Je - sus; Hush, hush! see — how  
white, His cheeks are ros - y! Hush, hush! see how the



is the moth - er! Ah, ah! beau - ti - ful is her Son! —  
fast He slum - bers; Hush, hush! see — how fast He sleeps!  
Child is sleep - ing; Hush, hush! see how He smiles in dreams.

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# 131. Hark! the summons

Traditional words

Old Welsh Melody

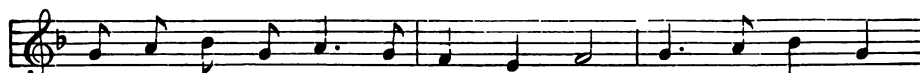
With spirit



- |                                |              |                     |
|--------------------------------|--------------|---------------------|
| 1. Hark! the sum-mons, come    | my—fel-lows, | } Fa la la la la la |
| 2. Toil and trou-ble lie       | be-hind us,  |                     |
| 3. Quick, join hands, and foot | it—neat-ly,  |                     |



la la la.	Crown your hats with	hol-ly—ber-ry,	}
	Think no more of	chan-ces—drear-y,	
	In the dance we	ne'er can wea-ry,	



Fa la la la la la la la.	Hark! the peal-ing
	While the well-known
	To the harp that



bells that tell us,	}	Fa la la la la la la la.
strains re-mind us,		
sounds so sweet-ly,		



'Tis the eve of New Year mer-ry,	}	Fa la la la la la la la.
'Tis the eve of New Year mer-ry,		
On the eve of New Year mer-ry,		



## 132. New Year's Day

Homer H. Harbour  
Moderately fast

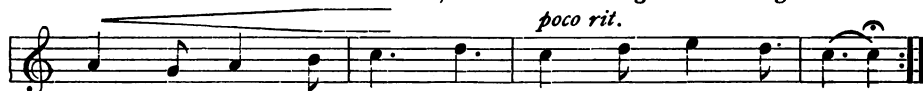
French Folk-song



1. When win - ter winds are blow - ing, And nights are long and cold;— The
2. What will the New Year bring us, Be - fore he too is dead?— The
3. The New Year will bring sun - shine, The New Year will bring rain;— And



bells ring in the New Year, The bells ring out the Old.—  
New Year will bring show - ers, And dew and ros - es red;—  
or - chards white with blos - soms, And fields of gold - en grain.—



Wel - come, Hap - py New Year, Born in win - ter cold!—  
Peach - es, plums and cher - ries, Sing - ing birds o'er - head.—  
Last of all his pres - ents, Christ - mas bells a - gain.—

## 133. Valentines

Homer H. Harbour  
In moderate time

Old English Melody



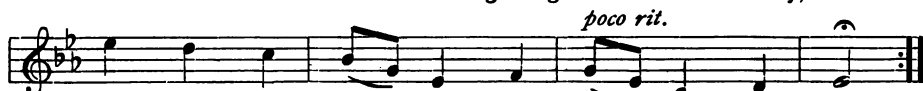
1. In the dark of the win - ter when cold winds do blow, Saint
2. There are hearts, and gay rib - bons, and birds on the wing, Gilt,



Val - en - tine's Day comes like flow'rs in the snow; Bring - ing  
lace, and red ros - es, with ev - 'ry fine thing; But the



thoughts of our dear ones whose love we re - new, By  
love— in our hearts send - ing— gifts on their way, Is



send - ing them greet - ings of friend - ship still true.  
best of all bless - ings on Val - en - tine's Day.

# 134. Washington's Birthday

Homer H. Harbour  
With dignity

French Folk-song

*mf*

1. For the birth-day of a sol-dier all the  
2. He was lead-er of our ar-mies when they

bells are rung this day; For the birth-day of a states-man all the  
beat the foe at last; He was fore-most in the na-tion when the

streets with flags are gay; He was lead-er of our  
bit-ter war was past; For the birth-day of a

ar-mies in the long, long years a-go, When they  
he-ro we are sing-ing now this song To the

*poco rit.*

wan-der'd, cold and bare-foot, in the cru-el win-ter snow.  
Fa-ther of our coun-try, who was no-ble, great and strong.

# 135. For Patriots' Day

John Irwin  
In march time

Dutch Folk-song

*mf*

1. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton The bells rang out one  
2. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton Be-fore the sun did  
3. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton Be-fore the sun had

night, "Be-ware the red-coats! On they come,  
rise, The Min-ute-men stood firm and strong,  
set, They chased the sol-diers of the crown



March - ing a - long with a muf - fled drum!" In  
 Wait - ing the foe as he march'd a - long, In  
 Back o'er the road in - to Bos - ton town, In



Con - cord and in Lex - ing - ton The bells rang out one night.  
 Con - cord and in Lex - ing - ton Be - fore the sun did rise.  
 Con - cord and in Lex - ing - ton Be - fore the sun had set.

## 136. In Memoriam

Homer H. Harbour  
 Slowly

Bohemian Folk-song



1. Flow'rs from the shad - y green-wood dell,— Flow'rs from the sun - ny
2. Bear thro' the street with hon - or due,— Torn bat - tle - flags that
3. Pass not a sin - gle sol - dier's grave; Think of the no - ble



hill - side swell — Scat - ter where lie sleep - ing,  
 once were new; — Set the col - ors fly - ing  
 gift they gave; — Death's grim ter - ror dar - ing,



Their last vig - il keep - ing, Sol - diers who lov'd their coun - try well.—  
 O'er each sol - dier ly - ing, Sol - diers who were so brave and true.—  
 Their heart's blood not spar - ing, Sol - diers who died this land to save.—

## 137. Columbus Day

John Erwin

Italian Melody

With swinging rhythm

*mp*

1. O - ver the o - cean Co - lum - bus came, With three lit - tle ships a -  
 2. Sing in his hon - or a song to - day, The ad - mir - al bold and  
 sail - ing;— A - way from a town on the coast of Spain, With  
 dar - ing— Who, day aft - er day with no sight of land, Thro'  
 cour - age and hope un - fail - ing.— To seek— a dis - tant  
 per - il - ous seas came far - ing.— This might - y west - ern  
 gold - en shore He dared the seas un - known be - fore; And  
 land he found, And proved to men the world is round. All  
*poco rit.*  
 ev - er he pi - lot - ed west - ward Three lit - tle ships a - sail - ing.—  
 hon - or - to gal - lant Co - lum - bus, Ad - mir - al bold and dar - ing.—

## 138. Thanksgiving Day

Homer H. Harbour

French Folk-song

With spirit

*mf*

1. Oh, Thanks - giv - ing morn - ing is a time of  
 2. In the aft - er noon it's time at last to  
 3. On Thanks - giv - ing night, when dark the shad - ows  
 glee, With our kit - chen bus - y as a place can  
 eat Of a din - ner splen - did as a king might  
 fall, A great fire is light - ed in the fire - place



be; When the mince - pies are a - bak - ing, And the  
greet; There's a tur - key full of spic - es, There are  
tall; When the ap - ples are a - roast - ing, And the

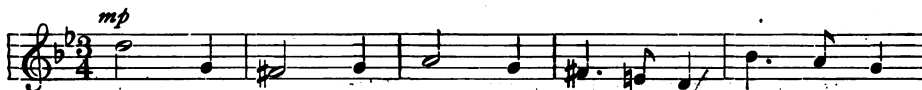


pud - dings are a - mak - ing; That's the time for me.  
pud - dings, there are i - ces, Cake and can - dies sweet.  
chest - nuts are a - toast - ing, That is best of all.

## 139. Christmas Eve

Cordelia Brooks Fenno  
In moderate time

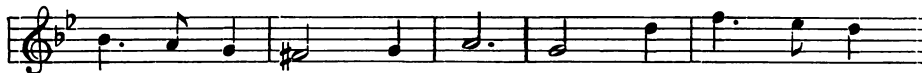
English Folk-song



1. On the ground the snow - flakes glis - ten, This is the  
2. In the sky the stars are gleam - ing, Stars of a



Eve of Christ - mas; Bells are chim - ing as we lis - ten,  
hap - py Yule - tide; See how bright their rays are beam - ing,



This is the Eve of Christ - mas; The i - ci - cles  
Light of a hap - py Yule - tide. So hang up your

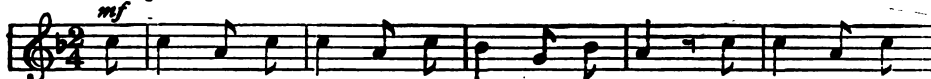


hang a - bove our heads, And this is the Eve of Christ - mas  
stock - ings, great and small, For this is the Eve of Yule - tide.

## 140. Christmas Day

Richard Compton  
With spirit

German Folk-song



1. Oh, Christ-mas is com-ing, oh, Christmas is near, The day we love  
2. The night be-fore Christmas is won-der-fal fun, Tho' oft-en it



best of all days in the year; And good San-ta Claus must be  
seems it will nev-er be done. We sleep not a mo-ment, tho'



now on his way, With pres-ents for chil-dren heap'd high in his sleigh.  
hard we may try, And with the first dawn, "Merry Christmas!" we cry.



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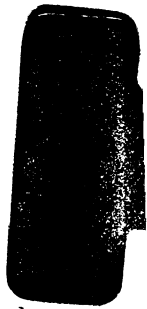
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